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THE PAWPAW.

BY WM. W. FOSDICK.

Asia hath banian, and Afric hath palm,
And Europe the sweet-scented haw,
And the isles of the South hath their forests of balm,
Where blazes the brilliant macaw.
The fern on the ground, and the pine on the crest
Of the mountain, my sympathies draw
But far more I love thee, thou plant of the West,
My native, my backwood Pawpaw!

Where the woodland is darkest—so dark in its shade,
That the sun on the roof of the trees
Can only peep through where a parting is made
In the thatch, by the hands of the breeze;
In Kentucky's deep woods, where my heart has its home,
Where the flashing-eyed hunter and squaw
Of old were oft wont through the forest to roam,
There grows the green, polished Pawpaw.

Broad, broad are its leaves, and as green as the sea;
And its blossoms are chocolate bells,
Where booming inside, is the hum of the bee,
Like the roar of the ocean in shells.
And brown as a wine-skin transformed to a purse,
Are the rinds that its riches enfold,
A heart of bright yellow; black seeds interperse;
A fruit of Ambrosia and gold.

Oh, white are the caps of the elder in May,
That gracefully nod o'er the fence,
And many the plumes that the sumachs display,
Of a velvety crimson intense.
And the Indian Arrow hath scarlet 'mid snows,
That shames the red berries of haw,
But doubly more dear to my bosom than those,
Are the broad, ribby leaves of Pawpaw.

Green plant, 'mid a forest of giants in green;
Of cotton-wood Titans in black,
Where like a Colossus the sycamore's seen
Through summer, with snows on his back.
And huge above all, in proportion so vast
That dizzy grow up-turned eyes,
The poplar in blossom floats out on the blast,
An island of bloom in the skies!

There, there is the land that no place can supplant,
No magic of nature or art
Can ever bring such a majestical haunt,
Nor, alas! my youth back to my heart!
And the eyes of the maid that bewitched the broad shade,
'Mid the green'ry will memory draw,
Where the rivulet played, and the wood-haunting Naiad
Made her home in the groves of Pawpaw.

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER III.

There are homes pervaded by love as an atmosphere—homes in which heart leans to heart under the power of a mutual attraction—homes where the blessed sunshine streams forever warm and golden across the threshold. Such was the early home of Jane Enfield. Her father was a man of high honor, tender feelings, and refined tastes. Her mother, just the woman that such a man would choose for a life-partner—gentle, loving, confiding, and exquisitely delicate in her perceptions. Beautifully did they harmonize in all things; their union was a marriage for eternity. In this union two children were born—daughters. Jane was the youngest by several years.

Very tenderly was she raised—very loving were all the ministrations of home. To harsh reproofs, she was all a stranger—but not to gentle words of encouragement and praise. It was a theory with her father, that commendation of excellence was better for children than blame for errors and defects. And he so fully acted out his theory, that, in no instance, was he ever known to utter a word of blame. Such was the mental organization of his youngest daughter, that she would have felt words of reproof as heavy blows; or as a blighting wind passing over the fragrant blossoms of her heart. They would have wrought a change in her whole character; saddening her spirit, and filling with clouds the bright sky of her young and happy existence.

Mr. Enfield was a man who loved to praise—and this for all degrees of excellence. In his household, he was ever speaking words of approbation. As his daughters advanced towards womanhood, and achieved excellence in their varied studies and accomplishments, his pleasure was constantly running into expression. His tastes made him appreciative, and this gave to his praise an element of the highest pleasure.

What a miniature heaven upon earth was this home in which Jane Enfield grew up, and in which the blossoms of her young life expanded to womanhood. And, she was refined, and gentle, and loving as an angel. Of the cold, hard, selfish, cruel, social world around her, she had no real knowledge; for her parents had so little in common with general society, and so few sympathies with the superficial worldly mindedness of most people whom they happened to know, that they mingled but rarely with them in any very intimate relations.

From their earliest years, Mr. Enfield had taught his children that selfishness was evil, and that the way to heaven was along the path of duty. He had stored their memories with lifelessons from the Holy Word, so that the way of duty might always be plain before them—so that, from divine illustration, they might perceive neighborly love to be the primary element of a true religious life.

As a preparation for living in the world, the home education of Edith and Jane Enfield may be regarded as defective. They were held back too much from the world; and were, consequently, strangers to its true quality. They did not know how selfish and evil it was; nor how many of those they met with smiling lips and pleasant words, had genuine good will in their hearts.

As Jane progressed toward womanhood, her maturing nature took on new aspects of refinement—and her perceptions of the loving and the beautiful were more exquisite and delicate. In form she was slender, and below the medium stature. Her face, oval in contour, was of faultless proportions,—her complexion was pure—hair, eyebrows and lashes of a dark chestnut brown—mouth delicately and finely shaped. By these exterior things her soul partially revealed itself, and the revelation charmed every beholder. Those who looked into her eyes, felt that they were gazing into a world of spiritual beauty.

Edith was of a less sensitive nature, and better fitted to go out into the world than Jane, and meet with an enduring heart the chilling life-experiences that come to every one. But, it was not designed that she should encounter the trying ordeals in store for the younger sister. She had only gained her twentieth year, when called to a higher life—mortality was cast aside, and the rising spirit clothed with immortality.

It was the first shadow that fell upon the household of Mr. Enfield, and, for a time, it was so dark that no light seemed to burn in the dwelling. The heart of Jane was almost paralyzed by the stroke. In this affliction a few valued and appreciating friends drew close, in tender sympathy, to the stricken family. Among these was the minister of the church in which they worshipped. He had always felt, that on their part, there had been too great an isolation from society; and that it would have been better for them and for others, if they had widened their circle of friendly intercourse.

A few weeks after the death of Edith, on one of his visits to the house of affliction, where still gushed freely the fountain of tears, he said to Jane, while seeking to pour into her spirit the oil and the wine of consolation,

"There is one way in which you may draw nearer to your angel sister than in any other."

Jane lifted her eyes to the minister's face with a look of earnest inquiry.

"In heaven all love to do good, and in blessing others they find their highest delight. Doing good is a heavenly employment; and Edith is now, and will forever be, engaged in this divine work. If you would draw near to her, and keep near to her, my dear child! you must do on earth what she is doing in heaven."

"Oh, sir! what can I do?"

How almost eagerly was the question asked.

"The Lord's work is all around us," said the good man. "We find it at every turn in our daily walk; and in faithfully doing the work our hands find to do, we ever serve Him best. But there is one special good work into which you may enter, and in which I have long desired to see you engaged."

Jane looked up again into the minister's face.

"There are many children around us who have little or no religious instruction at home. These we gather into our Sabbath schools, uniting them with children who have better advantages. Do you think, Jane, that there is upon the earth a more heavenly employment than that of leading such children upward toward the Kingdom of our Father? Faithful, earnest, loving teachers are always needed. In our own school they are wanted. Will you not put your hands to the work? Will you not become a toiler in the Lord's vineyard? Your reward will be very sweet."

"I cannot promise now," she replied. "But I will think of what you have said, and talk about it with father."

Mr. Enfield encouraged Jane to do as the minister had suggested, and on the succeeding Sabbath, to the gratification of the latter, she appeared in the school and assumed the duties of a teacher. It was soon perceived by the minister, superintendent, and others, that Jane Enfield's heart was in her work, and that she attracted the children towards her with a kind of fascination. She was unobtrusive, and retiring; yet none of the teachers felt her sphere in the least repellant; and they soon began to have a closer knowledge of her character, which they found as pure and lovely as her person. Her deep mourning; her quiet, almost sad face; and eyes that seemed looking in upon her own spirit, instead of out upon the World of Nature, awakened towards her a feeling of tender sympathy, showing itself either in the warm grasp of the hand, a loving smile, or in words of kindness. But very near to her, no one could approach, for she was so unlike all the rest.

The heart of Jane was in her work from the beginning. The children interested her deeply; and as she saw them eagerly hanging on her words while she talked of things good and holy, she felt indeed that the employment was heavenly, and that her own spirit was raised into a purer region.

The superintendent was a young man named Hardy, who took great interest in the school, and was very active in all that concerned its welfare. He was the junior partner in a wealthy importing house, and was highly esteemed in the community as a man of energy and probity. With the minister of the church he was a favorite; and they were on terms of close intimacy. The exterior of Hardy was decidedly attractive. He possessed a fine, manly person, rather above than below the middle height. In his address, there was an air of frankness, that won for him, in the beginning, a favorable regard; and, so far as his general intercourse with men and women was concerned, this regard rather increased than diminished. All men spoke well of John Hardy.

Singularly enough Jane Enfield was not favorably impressed by the handsome young superintendent. Something repelled her so strongly, that she seriously thought of not returning again to the school after the first day's experience. But this feeling she struggled to overcome, and was successful, at least so far as not to suffer it to influence her conduct. On the succeeding Sabbath she was in her place. During this afternoon, Mr. Hardy took occasion to speak a few words with her about the children in her class, and the modes of instruction adopted in the school. Sufficiently well bred to control her exterior, Jane listened with apparent interest, and answered with entire self-possession in the sweet way natural to her. The superintendent lingered near her for a little while, held by an irresistible attraction, and then passed on to another part of the room. The lovely young girl had interested him deeply from the moment of her appearance in the school. Though an attendant at the same church, he had looked upon her heretofore only as it were at a distance, and with no thought of ever making her intimate acquaintance. Now she had approached so near, that something like familiar personal intercourse was involved, and the superintendent was in no way disinclined to profit by the circumstance. It was an easy thing for him to make occasions for passing a word or two with her as often as three or four times during school hours every Sabbath, and this without attracting attention.

The first unfavorable impressions experienced by Miss Enfield gradually wore off. She could not help being struck with the young superintendent's earnest devotion of himself to the welfare of the Sabbath school; and, indeed, to all matters of public good, so far as opportunity for observation was given. He was the president of a missionary society connected with the church, and showed much zeal in the cause for promoting which the society was established. He was, also, an active member of a society for aiding the sick and the indigent. The minister, and several prominent men in the church, came to the school every Sabbath, and showed, by their manner towards Mr. Hardy, that they held him in no ordinary estimation. As Jane grew better acquainted with the teachers, she found the general sentiment towards the superintendent warmly eulogistic. His praise was on every lip.

Yet, for all this favorable testimony, there was something about Hardy that affected Jane Enfield unpleasantly. She blamed herself for the feeling, and strove with herself for the mastery over it; but it was never entirely removed. Still it found a gradual diminution, and as it wore away, in the progress of time, the lovely girl experienced a sense of pleasure at the change in her impressions, because she deemed that change a tribute of justice to the real worth of a man whom others seemed to regard as the possessor of every moral excellence.

It was soon plain to others, if not to Miss Enfield, that Mr. Hardy's tenderer sentiments were becoming interested in the young teacher. After the lapse of a few months he found reason for calling upon her at her father's house during the Sabbath intervals, and this almost every week. The alleged purpose of these visits was to consult with her on some special matters concerning the school; the real object to gain a more intimate personal acquaintance with herself and family. The excuses for calling were generally framed with much ingenuity, and as they were supported by facts, readily lost the aspect of excuses. One week he had discovered that a scholar, absent from her class on the preceding Sabbath, was ill, and called to suggest the propriety of a visit to the invalid; on the next, the absence of another he had learned was occasioned by a lack of decent clothing, her parents being very poor, and he had called to enlist the teacher's generous sympathies in behalf of the child. Always there was a reason for calling, which removed every suspicion from the mind of Jane, that the excellent superintendent had any other purpose than to enlist her heart more deeply in the good work to which, in a spirit of genuine regard for others, she had put her hands.

Mr. Enfield, who knew Mr. Hardy by common reputation, and was in the habit of meeting him occasionally in business circles, had formed, in a general way, a favorable opinion. The fact of his calling to see Jane, explained as it always was by the daughter to be only a visit having reference to her duties in the Sabbath school, produced a feeling of uneasiness on the part of Enfield, and caused him not only to observe the young merchant more closely at every meeting, but to push inquiries in regard to him in all directions. The result of these inquiries was, perhaps, more satisfactory than the father's observation. All men spoke of him in words of praise.

As he had impressed the daughter, so did Mr. Hardy impress the father. There was a sphere about the man that had in it something repellant to both of them. Yet, opposed to this, was the fact of a bland, courteous, gentlemanly exterior, united with a winning grace of manner rarely seen; a devotion of nearly all the time not occupied in business to deeds of general benevolence; and a reputation among his fellow men that was unmarred by a single blemish. He had, besides, a well filled mind; and his tastes, if not as thoroughly educated and refined as those of Mr. Enfield and his daughter, were yet more than ordinarily appreciative.

Steadily did Mr. Hardy draw nearer and nearer to Miss Enfield, attracted by a loveliness the fascination of which was irresistible; and, as steadily, under the charm of his delicate attentions, and winning manners, did the feelings of repulsion at first awakened in her heart, gradually wear away. After the lapse of a few months, Mr. Hardy became a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Enfield. This could not long continue without a declaration of his purpose, which was first made to the father.

Though not altogether unexpected, the declaration seriously embarrassed Mr. Enfield, for his mind was very far from being made up on a subject which had troubled him from the first moment of its unwelcome intrusion upon his thoughts.

"Frankly, Mr. Hardy," was his answer, "I cannot say that your proposition gives me pleasure."

It was plain from the way in which this response was met by the young merchant, that he had anticipated an entirely different reception. His whole manner was that of a man suddenly startled by an unexpected and disagreeable event.

"May I ask the reason why?" he made inquiry, as soon as he had recovered a little, and could trust himself to speak. "Does not my character stand fair in the community?"

"None stands fairer, Mr. Hardy," was the calm reply.

"Am I personally offensive to you from any cause, Mr. Enfield?"

"No, sir. Personally, I have for you a high regard."

"My worldly prospects are good. I have already accumulated some property, and have business connexions of the safest and most promising character."

"A consideration that should always be secondary in matters of the heart," said Mr. Enfield; "and one that has little weight in my mind. Marriage, Mr. Hardy, is a thing of such high importance, that we should keep all the motives affecting its consummation as far above mere prudential considerations as possible. Internal fitness should be the great operative law in all such unions. Harmony and tastes and ends should first be regarded. It is here, my young friend, that I am at fault. So far as external things are concerned, I see only the desirable in such a connexion as you propose; but of the heart fitness I am not so well assured."

"I only wish," replied Mr. Hardy, with considerable ardor, "that I had a window in my breast, so that you could look down into my heart."

This answer to his words did not have the favorable effect that was intended. It was perceived by Mr. Enfield as something dramatic.

"None but the great Creator can look down into the heart's secret chambers," was replied, almost solemnly, to this remark. Then, after a pause, Mr. Enfield remarked,

"A woman's affections, Mr. Hardy, are a sacred thing—they are her very life; and he who takes upon himself their guardianship, assumes a holy and responsible duty. A true woman loves independent of all worldly considerations, and all worldly circumstances; but, if she discovers after marriage, that she has mistaken appearances for qualities, and that the beautiful land outspread before her enchanted vision, and towards which her love-freighted bark moved gently onwards, was only a deluding mirage, the after desolation of heart, reaching through all her sad lifetime, words have no power to describe. Ah, sir! in view of this, you must not wonder that I hesitate, when the question of my daughter's happiness or misery comes up for consideration—and this I regard as the question now at issue. And your happiness is also at stake; for the man who is destined to fail in meeting the heart-anticipations of the woman he weds, as surely plants thorns in his pillow, as he leads her to the altar. Wretchedness in marriage is a mental doom; but, always, in these sad relations, woman suffers most, for she feels the deepest. There are few minds so delicately organized as that of my daughter, and the knowledge of this has always made me tremble when the thought of her marriage came as an unwelcome intruder. Think well of this matter, Mr. Hardy—look closely into your own heart—pause here, and re-examine the whole question. It is impossible, in the few opportunities you have had of observing my daughter, that you can understand her true character; and any mistake will prove fatal to the peace of both. She is not an ordinary woman, with ordinary perceptions and views of life. She will not be happy in marriage, as a large class of women are happy. With her, it will be positive happiness or positive misery. For your own sake, therefore, Mr. Hardy, as well as for the sake of my daughter, give this subject a new consideration."

"I deeply appreciate all you say," was the unhesitating answer of Mr. Hardy. "I have pondered the subject long and well; and have, from the beginning of my acquaintance with your daughter, observed her with the utmost care. My position, as superintendent of the school where she is a teacher, has given me good opportunities for knowing her true character; and every aspect of it has filled me with admiration. Truly and tenderly do I love her, Mr. Enfield; and I trust that I am not all unworthy to be loved by her in return. This I know, that I am ready to devote all I have and am to the work of making her future life happy. If to my hands is given the task of making the path in which her feet are to walk, it shall be smooth, and straight, and soft as a bed of roses. If the helm of her life bark be resigned to me, her way will be over tranquil waters. Ah, sir! Do not fear for the future of your child. If love be the aliment of her soul, love shall be hers in unstinted measure. Give her to me, Mr. Enfield, and I will treasure the precious gift with more than a miser's affection for his hoarded gold."

Mr. Enfield sighed. The impression made upon him by Mr. Hardy, was that of one in a play, who acted his part with enthusiasm. He was a man with almost intuitive perceptions of character, and not, therefore, easily deceived.

"Have you spoken to my daughter on this subject?" he asked, almost abruptly.

"No sir," was returned, with the utmost suavity of manner, "not until you were advised of my sentiments, could I, in honor, make them known to her."

"I must have time for reflection and consultation," said Mr. Enfield.

"Certainly—certainly." There was a manifest depression in the young man's tones. "And yet, sir, I had hoped that my frank avowal of a preference for your daughter, would have been met with as frank an acceptance in return."

Mr. Enfield did not reply to this remark, which, while it failed to raise the suitor in his estimation, had a depressing effect upon his own mind. He saw that the young man's perceptions were at fault—that the objections he had endeavored to urge, were not clearly comprehended—that, in his eagerness to possess a coveted object, he was willing to take all risks, even the risk of his child's happiness—that the momentous act of marriage was not elevated in his thought into anything like its just importance.

"How long a time will you require, Mr. Enfield?"

The voice and manner of Mr. Hardy betrayed a great change in his feelings. He had come to the father as a suitor, with a full measure of self-confidence. No one knew better than himself the high place he held in the good opinion of all men; and no one's good opinion on that subject exceeded his own. He was virtuous; not so much as the result of internal purity, as from a certain hereditary coldness, to which was added a powerful accessory—love of reputation. He was active in works of benevolence; but the main stimulus was the praise of men. He was amiable, affable, self-denying—in a word, gentlemanly in his intercourse with all classes of people; but the "window in his breast," one of his favorite allusions, would have shown the moving impulse to be meanly selfish. Nor was he any stranger to the fact that he had an attractive, manly person, such as any woman might be proud of in a husband. Externally, therefore, he regarded himself as worthy to claim the hand of any lady in the land; and self love in no way depreciated his internal qualities.

Mr. Enfield's hesitation wounded the suitor's complacent self-estimation. He was not greatly surprised at the father's manifested reluctance to yield, at the first word, his consent. Such yielding would have scarcely seemed decorous. But, after his more earnest explanation of himself, in response to the father's natural expression of doubt as to his ability to make his daughter happy, and his ardent declarations of deep love, he looked only for a generous acquiescence. The change, produced by a state of things so unexpected, was apparent in the altered manner in which he asked the question,—

"How long a time will you require, Mr. Enfield?"

"A week—perhaps two." The voice was depressed—almost sad.

"Two weeks, Mr. Enfield! The days of so long a period will seem to me as years!"

The tone in which this was said, sounded overwrought, and the manner was a little too dramatic. Neither made any favorable impression on Mr. Enfield, who was a man of accurate perceptions, and one not to be deceived when every moral sense was awakened to the highest life.

"Two weeks may be a very brief period in which to determine questions of infinite importance. Let me enjoin upon you to pass the time in the most rigid self-inquiry. Never have you stood, as now, at a point in life, where the next advancing footstep was destined to determine so much of good or evil in all the coming future. That step once taken, it can never be retraced. Onwards in the new way you must go, be the path rough or smooth; the sky bending over you bright with sunshine, or veiled by the cloudy tempest. And remember, my young friend, than you will not walk this way alone. Another, and one capable of suffering far beyond yourself, must be your wretched companion, should the union you seek prove to be disastrous. Oh, no, sir! two weeks for consideration is not a long period."

For some minutes the two men sat in silence, each with his eyes cast down. Then Mr. Hardy said, in as calm a voice as he could assume,

"In two weeks I will see you again, and with the fondly cherished hope in my heart, that all I have asked will be cheerfully given."

And so they parted, neither of them feeling happier for the interview.

CHAPTER IV.

On the following Sabbath one teacher was absent from school who had never been absent from her place since she assumed the holy office of lifting the thoughts of little children upwards towards heaven. This absence was noted, and the questions—"Where can she be?" "Is she sick?" and the like passed from lip to lip. The superintendent had no satisfactory reply for any of the queries made to him on the subject. It was observed by many that he had a depressed, troubled aspect; and that his duties were performed with scarcely anything of his accustomed ardor.

Jane had appeared at church in the morning with her parents; but, after the service, she had failed to linger, as was sometimes the case, to meet a congenial friend, but had hurried away, and when Mr. Hardy gained the vestibule of the church, she was no where to be seen. Her non-appearance at school in the afternoon he regarded as ill-omened.

On the following Sabbath, the young man, in a state of nervous suspense, waited by the church door, a thing unusual with him, in the hope of receiving at least one glance from the beautiful eyes of Miss Enfield; and this glance was thrown upon him. The close veil was partially drawn aside as she came up the broad stone stairway into the vestibule, and one ray of intelligence sent as a messenger of love to his heart, giving to every nerve of his being a delicious thrill.

"I can wait now," he said within himself, as he entered the church and made his way to his own place. "Her heart is true as the needle. That glance has scattered all doubt to the wind. She is mine—mine—mine!"

The failure of Miss Enfield to appear in her place at the school on that afternoon did not seriously trouble the superintendent. He attributed it to the right cause—a maidenly delicacy about meeting him under the circumstances.

At the expiration of the period named by Mr. Enfield, the young merchant called to receive an answer to his proposal. It was favorable—more favorable, however, in appearance than in reality. Very far from being satisfied was Mr. Enfield. He did not believe that his daughter would be happy with Mr. Hardy as a woman should be happy in marriage. He did not believe the man had a just perception of woman's nature; or was capable of appreciating her wants. But the handsome, specious, courteous lover had, it was clearly seen, made already too deep an impression on the mind of Jane, to leave any hope of a successful opposition. And so, after many long, sad, and perplexing conferences between the father and mother, it was decided to let things take their course.

For nearly a year after consent was yielded on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Enfield they managed to defer the period of their daughter's marriage, all the while cherishing a faint hope that something would occur to prevent the fulfillment of a betrothal which had in it, to their minds, no golden promise. During this year Mr. Hardy was observed by eyes possessing a deeper intuition than he imagined any eyes to possess; and phases of character were seen in far different aspects than he dreamed were presented. The confidence of possession threw him more and more off of his guard, and natural impulses imaged themselves more and more truly in the common exteriors of his life. To the dismay of Mr. Enfield, he discovered, that, below the fair, attractive surface of the young man, was a cold, selfish spirit, that, with a steady, scarcely perceived, but never intermitted gravitation, drew everything to the centre of his life, and made all things minister to his will. He saw that, in private as well as in public, he acted freely only where his mind was the controller of circumstances. He was not given to contention—he rarely, if ever, sought to gain his ends by open, manly, outspoken opposition to the opinions or modes of action suggested by others; but often seemed to yield, when, in reality, he was but devising the hidden means for carrying out his own views, and that in a manner so unobtrusive as not to disturb the placid exterior of things.

There was another fact, the discovery of which filled the heart of Mr. Enfield with gloomy forebodings. Almost imperceptibly a change was coming over the mind of his daughter. The girlish cheerfulness lost, for a time, by the death of her sister had come back, with all its sweet influences; but again it was passing away—passing, the father believed, never again to return. So far as he could see, the conduct of her lover was not marked by any disregard of her wishes; and yet it often happened that she was pensive, to use no stronger word, after meeting him and passing a few hours in his company.

As the day finally set for the marriage drew near, the spirits of Jane were depressed rather than elevated; and to the frequent congratulations of friends on account of the approaching nuptials, she rarely responded with any degree of warmth. It was no uncommon thing for her mother, on coming upon her suddenly, to find her in tears. When inquired of as to the reason she always answered with evasion.

"I fear, my child," her mother said to her, a few weeks before the appointed time when the marriage rites were to be celebrated—she had found her weeping—"that something is wrong. Will you not open all your heart to me? If there has been any error in regard to the true character of your feelings—if Mr. Hardy is not really loved as a woman should love the man who is to be her life-companion—"

"Dear mother!" exclaimed the daughter, breaking in upon the sentence, and looking up into her face, while a light beaming from her countenance made rainbows in the tears that were falling over her cheeks,—"No woman ever loved more deeply, more truly than I love; and I can imagine no path in life that would not lead through a wilderness were he not moving by my side. No, mother, do not doubt my heart. It is true in every impulse."

"Then why is it, my precious child! that I so often find you in tears? Why are you so changed—so—unhappy?"

"I am not unhappy, mother!" Jane spoke with surprise in her voice.

"You are not as you were. There is a shadow on your feelings. You are much alone—are silent—often weep. Ah, my daughter! These are not the signs of happiness."

"Marriage is a very solemn thing, mother," Jane spoke in a low voice full of emotion, and full of meaning.

"It is, my daughter," was the simple response.

"And I approach the hour when I am to take upon myself these solemn vows and sacred duties with a shrinking and trembling that grow more oppressive every hour. Dear mother! what if I should fail to be unto my husband all that he anticipates? What if I should disappoint him, and he should turn from me coldly as one not worthy of his love? The thought haunts me daily; disturbs my sleep; and fills my eyes with tears. Oh, mother! If it should turn out thus my heart will break. I could not live if he grew cold towards me—if he should come to regard me with indifference."

"These are but ideal fears, my child," replied Mrs. Enfield. "Do not, therefore, cherish them a single moment, for it sometimes happens that, by cherishing the ideal, we give to it an actual existence. A loving heart must keep alive responsive feelings; and a wife who truly loves, and truly desires to bless her husband, cannot, unless in strangely exceptional cases, fail to receive her reward."

Jane sighed deeply. After a moment or two she said—

"The lot of an unloved wife, mother; oh! is it not a terrible thing? Death would be instead a sweet consummation."

"How strangely you talk, my child! What is the meaning of it?" said Mrs. Enfield. "Can it be that you have reason to question the love that Mr. Hardy bears you?"

"Oh! no—no—no, mother!" was almost wildly answered. "Not the shadow of a reason! I know that he loves me with his whole heart. I know that I am very dear to him, and that he will do all in his power to make me happy. But, mother"—and she spoke more calmly—"men have a different mental organization from women. We are very unlike each other; and cannot always comprehend each other's states and feelings."

"True, my daughter."

"I do not think I always understand Mr.

Hardy; and I am afraid that he does not always understand me."

"Time and a closer union will enable you to understand each other better," said Mrs. Enfield.

Jane sighed again, as she remarked—

"Ah! it is that closer union, involving a closer vision, that I strangely fear. Will I be to him then as I am now? Coldness, indifference, blame, would kill me outright."

"Do not keep your high ideal of the married life so distinctly before your mind," said Mrs. Enfield. "None are perfect here—and there are few perfectly happy marriages. Expect not too much. Be ready to yield forbearance, as you must receive it. Mr. Hardy is a man upon this earth, with hereditary evils to overcome—not a purified angel in Heaven. He cannot be always the same to you; nor can he always present the same loving exterior; for, in the purification and elevation through which I trust he is passing, changing states are inevitable, and you must be prepared for them, and meet them with patience and fortitude. After every evening of shadows and depression, will succeed the morning, with its cheering light; and if the evening be spent in prayer and hope, instead of in gloomy repinings, the morning will be all the brighter, and the day that succeeds, longer. The path of life winds not always among flowers, my child. The dreary deserts must be passed, as well as the fragrant meadows. The Pilgrims dwelt not always upon the Delectable mountains."

"Ah, mother!" replied Jane, weeping freely, "I know it must be all as you say. What I fear is, the failure of strength to endure the roughness and trials of the way."

"It is from the Strong that we receive strength. 'As the day may demand, shall our strength ever be.' Do not doubt—do not tremble—do not fear. If the deeper, and sometimes sadder experiences of life, bring pain to the mind, they also give new capacities for enjoyment. There is a blessed compensation in every life-relation. The firmament has its myriads of stars, when the all-eclipsing sun has withdrawn, and left the night to reign for a season."

Ah! in such a conference, almost on the eve of the wedding day, how little was there, for a spirit so delicately organized as that of Jane Enfield, to rest upon in hopeful anticipation. The words of her mother did not throw a single ray upon the future, nor give any new strength to her heart, but rather oppressed her with a vague sense of coming evil.

CHAPTER V.

As a father, very gentle, very thoughtful, and very tender was Mr. Enfield. He never met his daughter without a pleasant word, nor left her without a parting kiss. Every one of her acts, that in any way involved a service, was sure to have its reward in some approving acknowledgement. Thus was she stimulated to a daily thoughtfulness in regard to his comfort, and a daily consultation of his tastes.

The nearness of the approaching nuptials gave to the lovers a more unreserved intimacy. Mr. Hardy came very frequently to the house of Mr. Enfield, who encouraged his visits and intimacy, in order to read him more closely. As the young man, from feeling more and more at home in the family of Mr. Enfield, came into greater freedom of action, and reproduced a more exact image of himself in externals, Jane was constantly made *sensible of one strong point of contrast* between him and her father. *Mr. Hardy rarely praised.* If she sang his favorite pieces—and she did sing with rare perfection—he filled the succeeding silence with no warmly admiring words. If he expressed approval, it was oftener of the composer than of the singer—oftener of the piece than of the charming execution. He frequently asked her to play or sing; and he really enjoyed her exquisite performance; but the closing of a piece was more frequently followed by a request for another, than by any remark upon that which had been given.

Jane never sang without entering, with all the rare perceptions of a truly poetic mind, into the sentiment expressed in the song; and all her heart's emotions were perceived in her voice. She felt the beauty, pathos, or inspiration of the words, and uttered them as if they were improvisations. The lack of all truly appreciative response on the part of her lover, stimulated her to even higher achievements; but the result was not changed,—Mr. Hardy dwelt admiringly upon the composer's skill; but for the singer's part he had no word of commendation. Yet the performances struck him as most exquisite, and he felt a glow of pride as he thought how far, as his wife, she would eclipse the common crowd. Even while she was listening eagerly for some spoken approval, he was picturing the admiration she would excite, and the exultation he would feel!

In dress, Jane exhibited a rare and delicate taste. This also Mr. Hardy saw. But, strangely enough, he never indicated, in any way, his appreciation of the fact. But if the slightest want of harmony in color, or the slightest apparent deviation from taste in any portion of her attire met his glance, he was sure to remark upon it after more intimate relations were established between them, and this not always in choicely selected words. His pride in the rarely endowed maiden was, we fear, stronger than his love. She was to be the minister of his pleasures; the agent of his worldly ambition; and in dreaming of this he forgot that she had a hungering and a thirsting spirit, that would droop and die if the bread and wine of life were not given to her freely.

No wonder that as Jane Enfield approached nearer and nearer to her wedding day her heart grew faint, and she sometimes wished that she might die. Yet never loved woman with a more intense feeling. Up to her betrothed she looked, as to a higher being, possessed of all man's superior endowments; and his failure to give that warm approval for which her spirit so longed and prayed, was rather attributed to actual deficiencies in herself—a failing, on her part, to attain the high standard of excellence which he expected in the woman who was to be his life-companion—than to coldness or indifference to her state of feeling.

And so the time moved on, until the marriage hour arrived, and the beautiful, accomplished, and loving girl completed the sweet cycle of her maidenhood, and entered the new and higher sphere toward which she had advanced with trembling hope and fear. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An analogy has lately been established to exist between planets and shooting-stars. It mainly rest on the astronomical fact that the former class of luminaries are all revolvers.

☞ How to Cut out a Muslin Dress (Sometimes.)—Wear a velvet one.—*Punch.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, which will probably run through about eight numbers:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. J. We are obliged to you for your suggestion, and will take its practicability and advantages into consideration.

THE OPERA.

There seems to be a want of good and fair management at the Opera House. A friend of ours recently engaged five seats, paying the additional price for secured places, which the clerk assured him were all together, and in the fourth row of the balcony. When he reached the House, there was no usher to point out the seats; and, after considerable search and worriment, of himself and others, he found two of the seats in the fourth row, and the other three seats in the sixth. Now, as the seats would not have been taken if it had been known where they were, the character of the "operation" is at once apparent.

We also see it stated that tickets have been sold to speculators, who charge an additional half dollar to purchasers. This cannot be done to any great extent without the knowledge of the seller—but the public have a remedy for this in their own hands, by resolutely refusing to purchase tickets of any outside parties.

We may express our surprise here, that a building so expensively built and furnished as the Opera House, should be so wanting in the important article of carpeting. Most persons are liable to cold feet when sitting still with their feet on a bare floor, on such occasions; and would willingly exchange a little of the splendor of paint and gilding for the solid comfort of a warm carpet.

The insufficient number of ushers—we did see one on Saturday evening—which we have already alluded to, should at once be remedied. If a few of the boys who are now employed in the more profitable, but somewhat obtrusive, business of selling opera books, were turned into ushers, the public would gain in two ways thereby. There is no necessity of the boys going all over the house, and crying the books; one boy at the entrance is all that is required.

The House at the first representation of Norma was well filled, though not crowded. The audience was a good-looking and very well behaved one. The style of dress was generally pretty and becoming—though one lady, occupying a conspicuous position, uncovered the beauties of her neck and arms so lavishly, that we were lost in wonder at the inconsistency which led her to glove her hands.

As to the performers, we liked Madame Gazzaniga—the b'hoys have a queer way of pronouncing her name—much. As to Miss Richings, we beg leave to differ from the criticisms in the daily papers, which are eulogistic, but have a general look of being prepared to order. We will not say more, however, as it was a first appearance, and quite endurable. As to Signor Arnoldi, we could but wonder that the two ladies on the stage should both have gone distracted over such an average specimen of humanity. Still, love is a queer invention.

SILVER PLATED WARE.—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement in another column of John O. Mead & Sons, manufacturers of all kinds of silver plated ware.

THE FASHIONS.—Mr. Mahan's card of the Spring and Summer Fashions is already issued. See advertisement.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—We call attention to the advertisement of this excellent agricultural paper.

MALTREATMENT OF SAILORS.

There are few people along the whole extent of our Atlantic seaboard, that are not wont on stormy nights, when the wind is heavy and loud, and the rain or snow descends, to think in the light and warmth of their homes, of "the poor sailor." These are the words into which the common pity for the weather beaten mariner, naturally runs. Tender women make their young children thoughtful with the murmured "dear me! what a terrible night for the poor sailor." Merchants, mechanics, clerks, farmers, men of all pursuits and occupations, wearied with the day's labors, come to the comforts of the evening home, and as they hear the sea-like wind roaring and surging through the streets without their quiet walls, now sinking away in the lapses of the storm, and now rising into hoarse, sonorous, drowning cries, they think one and all of the vast, black night, and of the thundering swash of water running and rising in livid fury, or weltering darkly around the staggering vessel, over which the brutal billows break, and the winds scream, and as some vague sense of drenched men clinging to the icy shrouds, or swept away by some monster wave into the awful and enormous shadow of that sea, rises, like a dim and dreadful picture, in their musing minds, they sigh or say aloud, "Hard night for the poor sailor," even if they sigh or say no more. Go where you will—into any house in any town, city or village along the coast, and if the night is wild, the odds are that you will hear some words of pitying remembrance for the hard and perilous life of the seaman.

Well would it be if all this kindly thought and ready sympathy for the "poor sailor" could be crystalized into some substantial benefit for him. It is sad and strange that while so many good and gentle people ashore think so often of his extra dangers and sufferings, he should be the victim of one of the vilest systems of tyranny that disgrace the age. We believe that the people of this country have no idea of the practices that are current in our commercial marine. While we foam at Bombs, and curse the cruelty that tortures Italian men in the prisons of Naples, we have petty Bombas without the badge, and cruelties uncursed save by those that suffer them, on one half the ships that sail the seas. Thanks to certain philanthropic and energetic men, we have had flogging abolished in the national navy; and yet rumor avers—we are not able to state it on anything stronger than rumor, but Government has it in its power to institute inquiries, and summon witnesses—rumor avers that other tortures have been hit upon even in the national navy, and that some petty despots of the quarter deck, ready to give practical evidence of their often avowed belief that the sailor is "not of the same flesh and blood" as they are, have at certain times indulged their aristocratic proclivities in such practices as tying men up by the thumbs to the beams of the ship between decks, and letting them dangle—their toes hardly touching the planks—till they swooned with the excess of their agony, and were taken down, with those members scarred or maimed for life! But leaving the navy, only recommending the immediate institution of competent committees of inquiry, let us come at once upon the commercial marine, where the reign of ruffians in the shapes of captains and mates, is broadly inaugurated. Far be it from us to say that all officers are like those bullies, who go about the deck with a handspike in one hand and a marlinspike in the other, punching and battering the men under their command. All we say is, that our present marine arrangements bestow, virtually, irresponsible power upon the captain and his mates; and there is no power so dangerous even to a naturally good man, or so liable to be abused by him. In all instances the good treatment of the men depends altogether upon the character of the officers, not because there is no law ashore to hold the latter in restraint, or call them to account, but because in the nature of circumstances, the sailor is not often able, through poverty, ignorance, friendlessness, or other causes, to avail himself of the remedies which that law affords, and the officer knows it. Every one that reads the newspaper reports of cases before the United States Commissioners' courts in the large cities, has had his blood curdled by the details given in evidence of killing and maiming by means of handspikes, belaying pins, knucklers, and other weapons, on board ships belonging to our merchant marine. Yet the scoundrels that commit these outrages frequently manage to worm out of the testimony against them, and get off, so to speak, scot free. And these cases afford only glimpses of the diabolical cruelty, widely practiced on hundreds of vessels, which never gets exposed before a Commissioner. We know through relatives of our own, and through friends on whose veracity we can depend, of deeds done at sea, whose infamous brutality and demoniacal wickedness rival anything we have read of London Tower or Spanish Inquisition tortures, and yet they were never brought to the notice of any court whatsoever. One instance comes to our mind of a seaman, who was on board a vessel coming from some South American port to New York. The man was sick, really sick, and while in this condition was, for two or three successive days, brutally kicked and beaten by the captain and first mate, at different times, till he was simply a mass of bruises. Let us say, in passing, that on board that ship a majority of the men were thus treated, the two chief officers being of the knock down and drag out species. One morning this man did not appear when his watch was called. The captain was told that he was sick, perhaps dying, in his berth; whereupon, with a torrent of ghastly oaths, he sprang below, dragged the dying man out of the berth, beat him and trampled on him; then tied him up by the wrists to the upper beams of the vessel so that his feet could not touch the deck, separating the arms as in a crucifixion; then separated the legs, and tied them wide apart to rings in the deck, and left the man to swing with the rolling motion of the vessel, the sea being somewat rough at the time! The second mate going below an hour afterwards, found the unfortunate creature in this position, black in the face from impeded circulation and pain, and his mouth oozing a horrible foam. He was taken down, died in a few hours, was taken ashore somewhere not far from Callao, and buried. That was the end. Some of the sailors swore they would kill the captain and mate when they got to port, but no prosecution was ever made for this frightful murder.

A Liverpool society, instituted for the protection of sailors, has lately issued a report which sets the matter before the public in a strong light. In the first place, the report says:—

Ever since the foundation of the Liverpool Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, in 1851, the attention of the committee has repeatedly been called to the sufferings inflicted upon foreigners by the system in force at some of the ports of the United States for supplying the American mercantile marine with sailors. A large portion of the resources of the society has been applied to the relief of the victims of this evil system.

All sorts of contrivances, it appears, are resorted to at New York to obtain seamen for the American packet ships; for instance, the New York shipping agents advertise in English and in German, for "young men who need not have been at sea before, to work as dock laborers at fixed wages;" under this pretext they are decoyed on board, and when once there, they are detained by force. Others engage of their own accord, as ordinary seamen, cooks, carpenters, &c., but are alike deceived; others again are enticed into public houses, made drunk, and thus betrayed on board. It is on record that many have been offered work on board a steamer in the river, or to unload ships, and are thus prevailed upon to step into a small boat to be carried on board, which leaves them as soon as they are put on the deck of the ship, where they are retained forcibly.

Among the applicants for relief there have been coopers, carpenters, cooks, waiters, clerks, and surgeons, who have been carried off in this nefarious way. Very soon after they are on board they are robbed of most of their effects, and there is no redress to be obtained; their remonstrances are laughed at or answered by ill treatment, and the same means are employed to force them to go aloft and to do all that able seamen are expected to do.

"In time of peace prepare for war," is one of the maxims we are fond of ventilating. One would think, from reading the above, that we were carrying out the principle a great deal too literally. Virtually re establishing the press gang, and forcing foreigners against their will to serve on board our vessels, would seem to be a very efficient preparation for war with their respective Governments. It was for similar "crimping" of our own citizens that we went to war with Great Britain in 1812;—at least this was one of our strong reasons for that action. The only defect in the parallel is, that the British took our sailors by force, and our rascally ship-agents are takings theirs by fraud—which is a meaner method. But all this aside. Let us look again at this report:

The cruelties which are practised upon these poor unprotected men on board these ships would be incredible, had they not been of late frequently confirmed by the proceedings in the Liverpool police-court; but unfortunately in redress for these ferocious assaults, committed upon the high seas, there is no practical remedy for these poor men on their arrival in this country. It has been proved in that court, that on board of the Ocean Monarch, men have been forced to draw with their teeth iron nails from the deck, into which they had been driven for that purpose to the depth of two inches; that they had been compelled literally to lick up the dust from the deck of the cabin floor; and at the inquest held upon a Dutchman, who had been beaten to death by the third mate and the boatswain of the Guy Mannering, the surgeon who made the post mortem examination, deposed "that the head presented an enormously contused mass, the face was completely battered in, and there were from 70 to 80 contused wounds upon the feet, legs, thighs, and back." The hospitals at Liverpool record many instances of the lamentable condition in which the majority of these victims of savage ferocity are brought in.

The report says, that twenty-seven cases of gross assault and ill treatment have come to their notice since the beginning of the present year—within two months!—and these were so serious as to oblige all the complainants to go to the hospital! Of course there were numerous cruelties committed in the same space of time which the Society never heard of, these not being so severe as to compel their victims to seek the hospital. But just think of men being compelled to lick the dust from a cabin floor, wrench nails from the deck with their teeth, and being battered to death, as was the seaman on board of the Guy Mannering! No cruel tyranny of Eastern satrap or Sultan in the very flush of the Oriental pride of power, was more motiveless and malignant than this. The names of American and Christian are degraded and polluted by the acts of wretches like these. Let it not be supposed that such cruelties are exceptional or confined to a certain class of our vessels. They are the examples of a widely-spread practice, almost grown into a system, extending through all our commercial marine. Faithful and rigorous investigation will prove the truth of this assertion, and if the people of this country have not blood of ice and hearts of stone, they will demand for an investigation of this matter at once, and move their representatives in Congress to institute the most searching and comprehensive inquiry, and devise some means to make these barbarities impossible for the future. That sailors are, as a class, outcast, ignorant, vicious, and dissolute, affords no reason why they should be maltreated and murdered by these official savages. Depraved they may be, but no one has a right, or should have the power to degrade and madden them into deeper depravity. In America, where we have proclaimed as an axiom of government that freedom is the only discipline that can make men worthy to be free, let us see to it that the principle that rules on land shall also rule on water, and that our vessels are not floating despotisms, with regulations and customs not only antirepublican, but virtually irresponsible to the laws of the country. If, as has been said, a vessel is a little kingdom in itself, it befits us to turn these little kingdoms, as much as possible, into little republics. At any rate, it is simply monstrous that captains and mates should in effect, have the power to play the Tamerlane or the Bomba with their unfortunate crews, and the latter have no remedy but the useless and expensive privilege of bringing their tyrants before a United States Commissioner when they return, if they can. We cannot see why the rights of the man and the citizen should cease to be recognized when he becomes a seaman, or why in stepping from the shore to the deck, he should practically be stepping from citizenship in America to citizenship in Naples. If there is a reason we should be glad to know it. In the mean time we hope that our commercial marine may soon be subjected to a complete overhauling, and be reformed thoroughly.

GEN. SCOTT'S PAY.—This question has been decided by Congress in favor of the General. The arrearages are said to amount to about $32,000, and his annual pay and emoluments hereafter to $15,000. Considering the dangers the old general has passed through, and the services he has rendered his country,—and comparing the salary with the $25,000 of the President, and the large pay of certain of our Ministers and Consuls abroad—we think Congress has ordered the matter rightly. Marshal Pelissier, who commanded the French forces at Sebastopol, is to have an annuity granted him of $20,000 a year, which is not only for his own life, but to descend with his title to his heirs "forever."

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Persia arrived at New York from Liverpool, on the 6th inst., with the new British Minister, Lord Napier, on board. The stir said to be created in "our first society," by the arrival of this distinguished lion, proves that the little pictures Dickens dashed off in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which we all declared were gross caricatures, were not altogether caricatures. The fifth Avenue is reported to be in a ferment of excitement, which is spreading through all the other avennes. It is not every day that our ignoble soil is honored by being trodden upon by a Noble Lord, and we are properly aware of the fact. We have not yet heard that the sidewalks of New York are covered with Brussels carpeting for the Noble Lord's walking, but presume that the intelligent citizens of that eminently republican city have not neglected to prevent the Noble Lord's boot soles from being contaminated by contact with the vulgar democratic bricks, or failed to carry into effect all those adulatory measures which an ingenious and active snobbery can devise.—The "gentlemen" of the New York press appear to have been constantly on the alert since the Noble Lord's arrival. The steamer had hardly touched the dock, before an army of reporters were at his heels, anxious to know what were his opinions of New York Bay, the New York shipping, the New York city from the bay, the New York view of the Central American question, the Chinese question, and all the other questions. It is not said that the "press" succeeded in getting an interview with the Noble Lord, but it *is* said that one of the artists of the New York *Flashy* (that celebrated pictorial paper which is for sale at all the corner groceries, and has a circulation of eight hundred millions of copies, being one copy for each inhabitant of the globe,) was perched upon a post on the dock, taking the "only correct likeness" of the Noble Lord, which will appear in next week's issue, together with portraits of all the Noble Lord's retinue, from the private secretary to the valet. It is also said that the Noble Lord's retinue have been subjected to a strict examination by an inquisition of relentless reporters, each member thereof having been put to the button-hole torture, and forced to tell all he knew. The result will appear in next week's issue of the *Flashy*, and various kindred sheets, in the form of "conversations" with the secretary, the servants, the valet, the tutor, the governess, and the lady's maids, disclosing their opinions of the Noble Lord's opinions on all the questions aforesaid, obtained at a great expense by our own special reporter, engaged expressly for the occasion—price only four cents a copy!

The China war is attracting the attention of the British Parliament. Earl Grey has a resolution before the House of Lords, declaring its deep regret that the amicable relations between the two countries should be interrupted, that the acts of the British Superintendent of Trade are without justification in the causes assigned for the war, and that operations of actual hostility ought not to have been undertaken without express instructions having previously been received from her Majesty's Government.

On the other hand the United States Commissioner, Doctor Peter Parker, seems to be meditating the commencement of hostilities against the Chinese on his own motion. He has addressed a circular letter to the American residents, saying that Governor Yeh, while showing a desire to maintain friendly relations with the United States, is also evading obligations, misrepresenting facts, and misinterpreting treaty stipulations; that he is not favorable to the resumption of trade with the States, while the troubles at Canton continue; and therefore, says the belligerent medico-commissioner, "means more ample than those now at command will be required to meet the emergency of the public interests of the United States in China"—in plain English—Admiral Seymour and Consul Parks English—more ships of war will be required to throw shot and shell into Canton, and slaughter the Chinese by hundreds, until they consent to trade with us while the English are bombarding them, and keep faithfully the treaties which they never wanted to make, and naturally do not wish to keep, though they do wish "to maintain friendly relations" with us. Now we would like to know who gives Doctor Peter Parker the right to begin war with China. Is he authorized by our Government to mix us up in these broils? The people of these United States, well meaning, fair-dealing, peaceable, themselves the government of this country, do they wish their servant, Doctor Peter Parker, to commence a foray—we will not call that a war in which only one side can fight—upon the Chinese? It is high time that our military medico received his instructions from home.

Report says that Canton has been entirely destroyed by the British Admiral, which we hope to find unfounded, though it is very possibly true. The Dutch folly fort has been throwing red-hot shell into the city, causing the greatest fright and misery and loss of life. In addition to all the wretchedness which has been caused by the aggressions of this British commercial cruelty, the disordered state of the country has given opportunity to all manner of Chinese thieves and rapscallions to organize into companies of banditti, and seek plunder. These fellows have lately taken possession of a large village near Whampoa, and, although warned against interfering, will undoubtedly find plenty of chances for robbery, and all kinds of outrages.

The remainder of the news is slight. A terrible explosion took place on the 19th ult., in a coal mine at Wombwell, on the South Yorkshire railway, England. Out of one hundred and sixty-six persons who were in the mine, only sixteen came out alive. All the rest shrivelled in the enormous jail of flame. The fires which streamed from the mouths of the mine, were only extinguished by the shafts being closed.

The Persian envoy left Paris suddenly, refusing to visit London. This forebodes no smooth settlement of the Persian difficulties. The Neufchatel question also, it is now thought, will not be so easily adjusted. The Conference meets this month at Paris, when the end will be seen. Italy seethes, like her own Vesuvius, and no one knows at what moment the eruption may burst forth. Louis Napoleon has made a signal speech at the opening of the French Legislative Assembly. It is very cute and philosophical, and is enlivened with little spirts of Mephistopholian wickedness. The substance of it is this: He says that the best understanding now prevails between all the great powers, and thinks the time auspicious to endeavor seriously to regulate and develope the strength and riches of the nation. He rejoices over the prosperous condition of the country, as evinced by the largely increasing revenues; regrets the suffering caused by the deficient crops and the recent inundations, and says the expenditures will be reduced and the war tax abolished from January next. The annual army is fixed at 100,000 men. He says an appropriation is made for a transatlantic line of steamers, and after referring to sundry local topics, winds up with a panegyric upon the state of the Empire. Here is a specimen of the wickedness we mentioned. In speaking of the freshets at Lyons and other places, he says, "I make it a point of honor that in France, rivers, *like revolutions*, must return to their beds, or they must not leave them." The style of this is particularly French—it has that flavor of impiety which gives zest to so much of the Parisian literature; but, not to hint that the saying, so far as the streams are concerned, savors of the soul of that courtier of Saxon Canute, who advised his king to command the ocean to come thus far and no farther, making the monarch's chair the limit—the point of the remark is undoubtedly a sting for the Republicans;—in other words we fancy that Mr. Louis Napoleon was more careful to suggest to the latter his intentions regarding them, than seriously to state his intentions in regard to prospective inundations. With what epigrammatic venom he arms the sprightly shaft! What a serenely, sweetly savage hint it is to mutinous Freedom, biding her hour! What will be the end? Spite of the courtier, the waves wetted the feet of Canute. Spite of Louis Napoleon's scientific barriers, the Rhone and Saone may rise and roar again into Lyons. Stronger and surer than the ocean or the rushing stream, is the deep, turbulently passionate desire of the human heart for freedom. It is not to be sluiced off, or barred in. In some judgment-hour, over every device of state-craft, the broad, indomitable, dark-rolling Atlantic tide of liberty, rises, roaring "with the voice of many waters," overturning and sweeping away the barriers of a thousand years,

"And the crowns and the sceptres we floating see,
Are wrecks on the surge of Eternity."

ABSTRACTIONS.

We carry our abstract doctrines of morality and international duty into a tribunal where policy and interest and power alone are the governing principles. Who ever saw Great Britain, or France, or Russia pausing before any restraints or obstacles of *the laws of nations* or *the morality of nations*, in the pursuit of a great end of national aggrandizement and self-defence? And yet, in our dealings and relations with these Powers, we place *ourselves* under ALL THOSE RESTRAINTS.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

What dunderheaded donkeys we are, to be sure! Clearly we are fools not to be knaves because other people are knaves. Away with the "abstract doctrines" of morality and international duty—away with all such "restraints" as national law and national morality—and let us be mean, and unjust, and faithless, and ferocious, because Saint Louis Napoleon, and the Emperor of Russia, and the Circumlocution Cabinets—bright examples!—are already so—and of such is the kingdom of Heaven National picarooning and piracy, national burglary and murder are the chief ends for which government was founded, of course; and America must not set a fair and grand example of justice, and piety, and honor to the world, but must "follow in the footsteps of her illustrious predecessors," and leave, as they are left, a trail of blood and grief in history. Very reprehensible in us, certainly, to confront "policy and interest and power" with the "abstract doctrines of morality and international duty"—very. The abstract doctrines of immorality, etc., would probably be better.

THE NEW TARIFF.

Considerable reduction is made by the new scale of duties. Among the most material changes are the following: Brandies, gin, and other spirits are to pay 30 per cent. in future instead of 100. Wines, cigars, and cut glass, &c., to pay 30 instead of 40 per cent. Silks, Fine Woollens, Cutlery, Iron, Glassware, Sugs Molasses, Carpeting, &c., to pay 24 instead 30 per cent. Flannel, Cotton Prints Worsted Goods, &c., to pay 19 instead of 25 per cent Linens, Cotton Hosiery, &c, to pay 15 instead of 20. Tow of Hemp and of Flax, Tin Plates, Brimstone, &c., to pay 12 instead of 15 per cent. Besides the above reductions, the Free List is considerably enlarged. Among the articles added to the Free List, are Wool costing less than 20 cents per pound, Brass, Copper, Spices, and nearly all Drugs or Chemicals used in manufacturing. It is supposed that these reductions in the Tariff will amount to about fourteen millions of dollars annually—which is considered a good thing in three respects. 1. If not in the Treasury it will be in the pockets of the people. 2. If not in the Treasury, it will be more difficult for corrupt legislators to *appropriate* it. And thirdly, if not lying idle in the Treasury, it will be actively employed in the business of the country.

THE WINTER MONTHS.

The winter, technically speaking, being now over, we can look back upon it, and determine its quality with accuracy. We may say of it, then briefly, that it was a cold December—not so cold a one as that of two years ago, by an average of one degree, but three degrees colder than the average of the last twenty years. That it was a terribly cold January (averaging 18 degrees), being two degrees colder on an average than January, 1856, though that was *nine* degrees colder than the twenty years' average (29 degrees) of the same month. And that February was unusually mild, being thirteen degrees warmer than February, 1856, and six degrees warmer than the average February temperature, which is 30 degrees.

As to the winter, taken as a whole, it averaged 28 degrees in Philadelphia; while the winter of 1855–6 averaged 26, being *two* degrees colder. The average of the winters for the last twenty years, was 30½—so that the last winter, take it for all and all, was not so much colder than the average. During the last twenty years, there were six winters which averaged about the same.

A MODEL WIFE.

We have frequently heard of "model" wives, but here is one whom all publishers will admit to be

"A woman of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon."

A correspondent of the *Methodist Protestant* writes:—

"My wife reads your paper regularly, and has often noticed your appeals to your subscribers for their arrearage, *and has frequently told me that I ought not to neglect you as I have done.*"

Whereupon the editor acknowledges the receipt of fifteen dollars, inclosed in his correspondent's letter! Would that every newspaper subscriber in the land had just such a wife! It would be no man's real loss, and the newspaper's real gain.

SHOE BLACKING.

In continuing our investigations into common things, we come this week to the article of blacking. That some preparation analogous to our shoe blacking was in use among the Romans, though mainly applied to harness, bridle-reins, and leather thongs, appears evident from several passages in Pliny's Natural History, in which he speaks of anointing leather articles with the dregs of the olive, and afterwards of applying to them *atra mentum*, the Roman ink composed of lampblack, gum and vinegar.

The remains of leather found in the Roman gravel pit opened in digging the foundation for the new Royal Exchange, London, also furnish proof of having been coated with blacking and of a description which would produce a gloss.

The Roman recipe, however, whatever may have been its constituents, was lost in the later periods of the Roman Empire, and for several centuries the French furnished blacking to the rest of Europe, though their preparation was a very simple one, consisting principally of wax, tallow, and lampblack.

The first considerable improvements in this article, now of such universal use, date somewhere about the middle of the last century. The English cake-blacking then introduced, was a mixture of lampblack, treacle and oil.

This was subsequently improved by the addition of vinegar or some of the mineral acids, particularly the sulphuric and hydrochloric. These latter, however, while they gave a brighter and more permanent gloss were, if at all in excess, highly injurious to the leather.

About the commencement of the present century liquid blacking was first extensively introduced. Mr. Richard Martin, a gentleman of fortune, while travelling on the continent, became possessed of the recipe of a liquid blacking invented by a German chemist. On his return he became associated with Mr. Charles Day, and they established at Holborn in 1801 the manufacture since so famous as Day & Martin's Blacking. Mr. Martin retired in 1808, but the name was continued until the death of Mr. Day in 1836, when the business with a portion of the colossal fortune acquired in it were bequeathed to his nephew, Mr. W. C. Day, by whom it is still prosecuted.

The constituents of Day & Martin's Blacking are bone-black, sugar, (molasses will answer) sperm oil, sulphuric acid, and strong vinegar. The process is as follows: The bone-black finely levigated, and the sperm oil, are rubbed together very thoroughly; the sugar or molasses mixed with a small quantity of the vinegar is next added and stirred well into the mass; strong sulphuric acid is then gradually poured into the vessel; this produces a violent effervescence and evolves much heat from the action of the acid on the carbonate of lime contained in the bone-black. The object to be attained by the use of the sulphuric acid (which should not be in excess) is to decompose the bone-black, and produce a sulphate of lime and a soluble acid phosphate.

The sulphate of lime thus produced mixing with the carbonaceous matter of the bone-black produces a very tenacious paste or lake, capable when spread out of forming a very smooth surface; this, by the addition of the sugar and oil, is not only rendered more adhesive, but also capable of receiving a high polish from the friction of the brush—the oil also softens the leather.

The mixture after the action of the acid has ceased, is diluted with an additional quantity of vinegar, and bottled and sealed while yet warm. By putting it up in this state it is less liable to be changed by the influence of climate—strong vinegar is required, otherwise the blacking will not keep.

The extent of the business of this gigantic establishment may be inferred from the following items: The quantity shipped per day averages 160 casks, equal to about 12,000 pint bottles of the blacking. The expenditure for stone bottles amount to over $50,000 per annum, and for corks alone to over $10,000. The total sales considerably exceed one million dollars yearly.

There are, or rather were, till recently, two other establishments in London, of nearly equal size to Day & Martin's, engaged in the manufacture of liquid blacking; viz., Warren's, founded about the same time with the firm already noticed, by Mr. Robert Warren, who, by dint of advertising, built up an immense business, and retired with a large fortune. His successors, regarding the business as sufficiently established, neglected advertising, and their custom gradually declined until the past year, when it was finally given up. Everett's, the other great establishment, originated at a later period, and has been carried on since Mr. Everett's death, by his successors, with great profit.

In Germany, according to Baron Liebig, the following formula is used by the best manufacturers: powdered bone-black is mixed with half its weight of molasses, and one eighth of its weight of olive oil, to which are afterwards added one eighth of its weight of hydrochloric acid, and one fourth its weight of strong sulphuric acid. The whole is then mixed with water to form a paste.

In this country a great variety of preparations have been offered to the public, many of them highly recommended, either for the beauty of their polish, or their preservative qualities; but none has attained any marked pre-eminence, and very large quantities of Day & Martin's liquid blacking are imported annually. The combination of the solution of India rubber in naptha, with other unctuous substances, to form a water-proof blacking, is, however, deserving of mention, as constituting the first truly water-proof blacking. The preparation known as *black ball*, or, when containing a larger proportion of wax, as *heel-ball*, is compounded of wax, tallow, rosin and lamp black. It forms an excellent coating for the heavier and coarser qualities of boots, rendering them nearly impervious to water. It was probably to an article of somewhat similar composition, that the French name, *cirage*, now applied to all descriptions of blacking, originally referred. A better preparation, however, is one suggested by Professor Denison Olmsted, of New Haven, some years since. It is as follows: one part common rosin, finely pulverized; four parts sweet lard; and one part bone or lampblack. The lard is to be heated till it becomes liquid, when the rosin is added gradually, and stirred constantly till it dissolves. The bone or lamp black is then added, the stirring being continued, till the whole is thoroughly mixed. This preparation renders the leather soft and pliable, while at the same time it effectually fills the pores, and thus excludes water, and develops no acid to injure the leather.

The introduction of patent, japanned, or enamelled leather, (prepared by treating common leather with a solution of alum or borax, and then coating it with a varnish, consisting mainly of linseed oil, boiled to a syrup-like consistency, of which varnish six or seven coats are successively applied,) for shoes, has, to a considerable extent, superseded the use of blacking; but until this leather can be so prepared as to be less liable to crack than now, and to permit the insensible perspiration to pass off, sensible people will prefer the plain calf-skin or morocco, polished with Day & Martin, to the corn torturing patent leather.

LAW REFORM.

Lord Brougham has introduced a bill into the British House of Lords, designed to prevent actions being brought into the Courts by insolvent plaintiffs. A London paper says:—

"As the law now stands, a bankrupt or insolvent person may commence proceedings against any respectable individual for a pretended or fictitious cause of action, and drive him to the expense of a defence without the shadow of a chance of his recovering a fraction of his costs, should the plaintiff be defeated. An instance was mentioned by his lordship of a case in which an action had been brought by a penniless speculator against a merchant, and on the trial the plaintiff's counsel, after maligning in his opening speech the character of the defendant, coolly announced that he had no evidence to offer in support of his accusations, and was nonsuited. Defendant's counsel was thus deprived of all the opportunity of answering or disproving the charges against his client, all which were duly recorded in the papers, against which, for giving a true report of judicial proceedings, no action for libel would lie. Such an action might have been stopped in its commencement, had the plaintiff been compelled to give security for costs in the event of his not succeeding; and this is the remedy proposed by the new bill. The effect of the enactment, if passed, will be almost instantaneous upon the order of disreputable attorneys, and their ragged bandit-gang of touts. By depriving them of the power of carrying on groundless and frivolous actions, in order to extort money from timid defendants, one half of their means of existence will be at once snatched away. But whether this will tend to exterminate them, to lessen their numbers, or only to render them less dangerous, but more needy, more voracious, and more desperate, remains yet to be seen. However, it will certainly draw the fangs by which they have been accustomed to seize upon the honest and unprotected stranger."

The above may work very well in the class of cases above alluded to, but it seems rather an arbitrary proceeding to debar the privilege of prosecuting in the Courts of Law to the poor. Everything in this world, it is said, has its compensations, and both Wealth and Poverty are no exceptions to the rule. Of newspapers, the most reckless and careless in their assertions, are those whose publishers have nothing to lose. Injured parties threaten libel suits against such in vain. The prosecutor may gain his suit, but they defy him to collect the damages. And so with a poor prosecutor, who prosecutes merely from malicious or mercenary motives—he himself cannot be made to suffer legally in return. And yet, as we have said, it would seem an arbitrary and unjustifiable proceeding to enact such a law as Lord Brougham proposes. We fear the "noble Lord" looks at the subject too much from one point of view.

New Publications.

Los Gringos; Or, An Inside View of Mexico and California, with Wanderings in Peru, Chili and Polynesia. By Lieut. Wise, U. S. N. C. Scribner & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Scampavias from Gibel Tarek to Stamboul. By Lieut. Wise, U. S. N. C. Scribner & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Two amusing books of travel. The author has a gay, observant eye, and tells what he sees with blithe brilliancy, yet without cockneyism or flippancy. His narrative is voluble, graphic, lively, and picturesque. The second book, "Scampavias," was originally contributed to Putnam's Magazine, and found favor with the reading world there. It is a bright and sparkling record of a cruise in the Mediterranean, in which Spain, Greece, Italy, and Turkey are seen amusingly, and in vivid colors. Both volumes overflow with jollity, and are—the "Scampavias" especially—very good reading.

The Artist's Bride; Or, The Pawnbroker's Heir. By Emerson Bennett. Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. For sale by W. P. Hazard, Phila.

Mr. Bennett's stories are so well known to our readers through our own columns, that it is unnecessary to say more of this tale than that it is written with the author's usual vigor and graphicality, and is quite interesting.

Inquire Within for Anything You Want to Know (Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y., for sale by Willis P. Hazard, Philadelphia,) is the quaint title of a book containing nearly four thousand facts, connected with all phases of domestic economy, forming a mass of information which is constantly good for family uses. It is an odd salmagundi, certainly. It offers everything from hints to husbands and wives regarding their relative behavior, to directions for stuffing a goose, beween which, it will be admitted, lies a wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Barring an occasional bit of pure nonsense, such as the recommendation on p. 899, to purchase Mrs. Partington's Sayings as a remedy for low spirits, it is a valuable repository of useful knowledge.

Examples from the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, (C. Scribner, New York, for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, the poet, contains short biographical sketches of various celebrated persons, such as Wesley, Franklin, Roger Sherman, Hannah More, Felicia Hemans, Oberlin, and Robert Hall. The book is interesting, and has the merit of presenting in a condensed and portable form, the lives and examples of some men and women who deserve an immortality of remembrance.

From Mr. W. B. Zieber we have the January issues of the Westminster and Edinburgh Quarterly Reviews, both full of fine reading matter, the Westminster especially.

Appleton's Railway Guide for March may be had at Mr. T. B. Peterson's.

☞ Odd Names.—Many years since, in Liverpool, there existed a firm of Lock, Smith and Kaye, that did a great business in ironmongery.

☞ In the Dark.—We, dwellers in this world of error, are like men walking through the streets of a city on a foggy morning. Every one fancies that immediately around himself there is little or no fog, but around others, at a little distance from him, he perceives it to be thick and blinding; and they, in turn, make a precisely similar mistake about themselves and him; each deeming it quite clear where he himself is, and that all the rest are in the dark.

Paris Letter.

A Narrow Escape—A Change in the Weather—Prophecies—A Formidable Visitor An Odd Announcement—A Useful Undertaking—France and Algeria—An Ingenious Derivation—Too Proud to be Insulted.

Paris, Feb. 12, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Letters from Rio, just received, give the names, and relate the harrowing adventures of Narcisse-Pascal Tougar, fireman, and Jean-Jacques-Colas, passenger on board the ill-fated *Lyonnais*. Several others got off with these, on a raft but were either washed off, or perished from cold and hunger. One of them jumped off in despair, preferring a more rapid death to the slow tortures of starvation. The two survivors were picked up by the American ship *Express*, on Christmas Day, so nearly dead that the sailors of the latter were obliged to hoist them up from the raft. Every kindness was given them, and they were landed safely at Rio.

The cold and gloom under which we were existing here a fortnight ago, have given way to a succession of mild, sunny days that would be most welcome, were it not for the distressing idea of the late frosts, that, for some years past, have followed these unseasonable smiles of the weather; making us pay for a lovely February, and a delightful March, by sleet and slush in April, frosts in May, and the coldest of cold rains and winds in June. According, however, to the computations of the weather-wise Belgian priest mentioned in a late letter, we are to be blessed with the most halcyon days through the whole of the coming spring and summer; nothing but sunshine, soft airs, and long hanging blossoms, is to be seen until June; and then, nothing but sunshine, warm breezes, and fruit; the latter in such profusion as has not been seen for many a long year. The whole to be followed with harvests the most rich and abundant, from one end of our hungry, hardworking Europe to the other. In regard to which delightful prediction of the said priestly astrologer, one can only ejaculate a devout and fervent aspiration, "So mote it be?"

While the priest in question, whose speculations have been noticed in most of the journals here, is prophecying such famous good things for the present year, others, both astronomers and astrologers, and many who are neither, are beginning to be horribly frightened at the approach of a great comet, which has not shown itself to our planet since the days of Karl le-martel, i. e. of Charles the Hammer, as he called himself, or of Charlemagne, as we have come to dilute his original designation. This tremendous stranger is said to be approaching us at the rate of a great number of millions of miles per second, so that, although now at a distance such as one cannot think of without the aid of machinery, it will be visible to us in about six weeks, and will dash on in a direct line for our poor little orbit, which it will traverse in such close proximity to us that we are to be run down by it like a wherry run over by a man-of-war, or carried off in its wake, like a burr swept up by the edge of a lady's flounce; in either of which cases we shall be melted and then calcined, and there will be the end of us. Others, again, are inclined to think that we shall barely escape with our lives, undergoing, however, such a dazzling and roasting for a month or two during the greatest proximity of the comet, that we must lay our accounts in being half-blinded, and "done very brown," for the rest of our days.

On the other hand, an acquaintance of mine has come, on this subject, to a very different conclusion. This lady has long been on most intimate terms with her table, and though it is constantly receiving "communications" from a most heterogeneous circle of unseen visitors, including John Huss, Tycho Brahe, Pete Loriquet, Catherine de Medici, Luther, Louis Philippe, Napoleon, and other great people, together with lots of others whom nobody ever heard of, but who declare themselves to have been very renowned in former times as philosophers, poets, inventors, &c., and seem very indignant at not being remembered as such (rather an unreasonable state of mind, especially on the part of those who say they lived before the flood!) This old lady, an intimate friend of Charles Fourrier, the well-known advocate of the principle of Association, inquired of him, a few days ago, what effect the coming of the comet would exercise upon our globe? The answer, rapped out by the combined aid of the table and alphabet, was as follows:—

"You will not be physically (*materiellement*) invaded; that happiness is not in store for you. But the influence of its passage will be immense. Like the pagan Mercury, this comet brings to you the presents of Heaven. Light and warmth will thus be developed on your earth to such a degree as to render you the admiration of the other globe. The Austral Pole will be the receptive focus of this immersion of power. Subversive pollution of the Boreal Pole. You will get through without any great loss of inhabitants."

This "message" has been copied with a certain interest by the friends of the deceased philosopher. They interpret the somewhat ambiguous enunciation respecting the North Pole, as a promise of magnificent changes for the Arctic regions, melting of the ice, commencement of the famous "Boreal Crown" announced by their former chief, &c.; and naturally conclude that benefits of so splendid a nature would be cheaply purchased by the calcining of a few northern savages whom nobody cares for, and a rather hot summer for the rest of the world.

On this interesting subject, as on so many others, we must console our impatience by recalling the truth of the sage old proverb, "*qui vivra verra!*"

While awaiting the unknown blessings the skies may have in store for us, it is well not to fold our hands in idleness. Such seems to be the opinion of the Society of Acclimation, frequently alluded to in these letters, whose zeal is introducing so many new species of vegetables and animals into France, and whose members have just held their first public meeting, under the auspices of M. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, and have, for the first time, distributed prizes to those who have concurred most actively in the aims of the Society.

This very useful institution has been in existence four years. Among its members are the Emperor, and others of his family, with many of the noblest names of every country in Europe; of nine kingdoms or empires of Asia; of Australia; and of twelve States or colonies of America—the latter including the Emperor of Brazil. The King of Siam, and the Prince-Consort of England, may be considered as the extreme links in a chain of international sympathy such as has never yet been called out by any other association.

"Such, gentlemen," remarked the learned and amiable President of the Society, in terminating his opening address, "is the Society of Acclimation, after three years of effort; an association, as yet unexampled, of men of all countries, and of all classes, united in a common thought; in which the agriculturist, the commercialist, the industrialist, the Princes of the Church, the dignitaries of the army and of the fleet, all concur in one noble and beneficent aim, in whose service are enlisted the hand that guides the plough, the hand that holds the pen, the hand that wields the sword, and the hand that bears the sceptre."

M. Dumeril next gave a sketch of what has been already accomplished by the modern Briareus, in the introduction of four new species of silk-worm into France and Algeria; and M. de Quatrefages read a notice of the Yacks and Angora sheep, who seem to be in a very flourishing condition. M. Passy then stated the objects for which prizes would be given; viz., the domestication of the pure Alpacca sheep, of the Hemione or Dauw, of a certain large kangaroo, of the casoar of Australia, or the American ostrich, of any new game not hurtful to crops, of fresh-water fish in Algeria, of any worm making silk suitable for the loom, of any new insect producing wax, of Jesuit's bark into any part of Europe, and of any new Chinese igname; the prizes for these services ranging from 500 to 2,000 francs. Supplementary prizes will also be awarded, for any other services of evident utility. The Count d' Epremenil, in conclusion, pronounced a suitable discourse in the name of the Prizes Committee, and distributed medals and honorable mentions to a long list of persons of every rank, from the highest to the humblest, for services rendered during the past year, in acclimatising, domesticating, and giving an industrial value to various new treasures of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The recipients seem to belong to almost every nation; all Europe, Egypt, and Turkey being represented. A grand medal of honor, not included in either class, decreed to Marshal Vaillant, Governor General of Algeria, for the zeal with which he has furthered the aims of the Society, was presented to the old soldier by Prince Napoleon, amidst the plaudits of the Assembly.

The possession of the rich colony of Algeria, with its tropical climate, so near to its doors, will give France great scope for carrying out the objects of the admirable Society whose doings have just been noticed; and the conquests the French army are now making among the mountain fastnesses of Kabylia, will give them the command of a vast range of climates, such as can only be found in juxtaposition in the mountainous regions under the line. The Arab population of Algeria seems slow to adopt the usages of their conquerors. The wild freedom of the desert is still more attractive to them than the monotonous usages of our boasted civilization; and it will be long before these "sons of Ishmael" consent to take back from us the developed sciences and arts whose germs, in so many cases, have come to us from their sires. It is curious to see how stationary these people have been for centuries, preserving the same costume, habits, superstitions, and modes of thought, although the learning of their forefathers has done so much for the more northern races, who have so far outstripped their ancient teachers. Not to speak of their observations in astronomy, how important an influence has been exercised on the European mind by the adoption of the admirable Arabic numerals, which play so conspicuous a part in our mental and commercial operations! A reflection which reminds me of the very ingenious conjecture recently hazarded by Mr. Terquem, with regard to the origin of the word *zero*.

"In the Arabic," says the learned author, "the zero (0) bears the name of *tsefer*, which signifies *empty*, and is principally used in relation to articles of furniture, as a tsefer box, a tsefer cabinet, &c. In Europe, this adjective has been applied indiscriminately to each of the ten numeral characters, which are called *zifera*, or *cifera* in Italian; *tziffern* in German; *chiffres* in French; the English alone restricting the word *cypher* more particularly to indicate the zero. The Arabs represent the zero by a small circle, or by a point; and the Europeans have borrowed from them the small circle which represents for us the zero. It is probable that, when the Arabian numeral signs were first introduced into Europe, the term *tzefer o* was employed, the small circle being pronounced as the vowels, this term becoming *tzefero*, or *sefero*, and being again contracted into *zero*."

But whatever may be the correctness of this very ingenious derivation of a word that has given rise to so many discussions as to its origin, it is certain that no such success has greeted any musical composition for many years past as that which has been excited by Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto* at the Italiens, and by its graceful rival *Psyche* (by Ambroise Thomas) at the Opera Comique; the crowding of the public to the former of these charming compositions, having given rise to the following incident:

On Tuesday last, in the crowd descending the one staircase of the former building, was a well-known and witty journalist, who, pushing by the people behind him, tumbled against a stiff gentleman with a lady on his arm. The stiff gentleman, furious at the shock so innocently given, angrily informed his assailant that he was an "insolent puppy," whereupon the journalist, waxing furious in turn, replied in the same key, and an exchange of cards, with a *rendez-vous* for six o'clock next morning at the Bois de Boulogne, immediately followed this happy commencement of hostilities.

Next morning, instead of waiting the appearance of his adversary's seconds, as is usual in such cases, the journalist presented himself about half-past five, at the house of the stiff gentleman. He was shown at once into the dressing-room of that individual, who was swallowing a hasty cup of coffee previous to his early drive to the Bois.

"Monsieur," said the journalist, with a slight bow, "before we cut one another's throats, allow me to recount to you an anecdote:

"Twenty years ago, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria was present, as you may remember, at a ball given in his honor by the King of England. Count d'Orsay, who was, as you know, the leader of fashion at that epoch, made a bet with a friend of his that he would give the archduke a kick, and that the archduke would not resent it. The bet was £100. Immediately afterwards, Count d'Orsay moved up to the archduke, and as he passed him he gave him a blow with his foot on the calf of his leg. The archduke, who was talking with a group of notabilities, did not even turn his head. Having thus won his bet, d'Orsay now bet another hundred pounds that he would do it again without the archduke's being angry. He then repeated his former manœuvre, the archduke merely dusting his silk stocking with his hand, and saying, without the slightest trace of irritation in voice or manner, 'What a very awkward man!' For the archduke was so highly-placed that it never occurred to him for an instant that anybody could have the intention to insult him. The moral of my story is simply this; he who possesses a due respect for himself can never imagine himself to be insulted because he happens to be run against by somebody in descending a crowded staircase.

"And now that I have finished my anecdote, I beg to add, monsieur, that I am entirely at your service."

The stiff gentleman, feeling the force of the apologue, and wisely determining to profit by the lesson, held out his hand to the journalist, and having rung for fresh coffee, drank a second cup with his guest.

Would it not be well if all other so-called "affairs of honor" could terminate in an equally rational manner? QUANTUM.

☞ Yesterday has been poetically called the elder brother of to-day.

☞ Children have queer ideas. Last Sunday, a little girl, five or six years old, asked:—"Do negroes ever go to heaven?" On being told that they did, if they were Christians, she said: "Well, God don't hug and kiss them as he does white folks, does he?"

☞ Can you read and punctuate these lines correctly, so as to write them true?

"Every scholar in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand;
Five and twenty on hands and feet;—
And this is true without deceit."

☞ The Soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength adequate for the daily struggle in which it is involved.

☞ Jamshid was the first person who wore rings on his fingers, and these he wore only on his left hand. When asked why he did not ornament the right hand, which is the superior, he answered, "Sufficient for the right is the ornament of *being right*."

☞ Motto for Aladdin's Lamp—"Better rub than rust."

☞ Gentility.—"Tom, stand out of the way of that gentleman." "How do you know he is a gentleman?" "Because he has got on striped trowsers."

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled.
For thick in every graveyard
The little billocks lie—
And every billock represents
An angel in the sky.

☞ Diogenes, being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed: "This is pride." Afterwards, on meeting with some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This also is pride."

☞ The Orientals had a pleasing idea of what the names of women should be. Sir W. Jones, in "The Institutions of Menu," has this passage: "The names of women should be agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction." Lamb says:

In Christian world, Mary the garland wears!
Rebecca sweetens on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by am'rous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around,
How like a hymn doth sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthas and of Abigails, few lines
Have bragged in verse. Of coarsest household stuff
Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marian?
And is not Clara for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
These all than Saxon Edith please me less.

☞ Music.—Every human feeling is greater than the exciting cause; a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—*Coleridge.*

I, while the shop-girl fitted on
The sand-shoes, looked where, down the bay,
Thessa glowed with a shrouded sun.
"I'm ready, Felix; will you pay?"
This was my first expense for this
Sweet stranger whom I called my wife;
How light the touches are that kiss
The music from the chords of life.
—*Coventry Patmore.*

☞ A gentleman advertising for a wife, says:—"It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

☞ The philosopher *Bion* said pleasantly of the King, who by handfuls pulled his hair off his head for sorrow: "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?"

☞ A native of the Emerald Isle, on visiting London, engaged a lodging with a featherbed, expecting a great luxury; but was bitterly disappointed, and complained to a friend that it was harder than a straw bed. "Perhaps," replied his friend, "there were but few feathers in the bed?" "Faith," rejoined Pat, "if a few feathers are so hard, what must a great many be?"

☞ The Road of Life.—"My notions about life," says Southey, "are much the same as they are about travelling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road; but, after all, one wants to be at rest."

☞ "Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly; anything is a means of grace that leads us to repentance." Scene closes with a broom handle.

News from Kansas.—Gov. Geary has approved the bill declaring that resistance to the law of the Territory shall be punishable with death.

A bill passed the Legislature, giving the County Judges jurisdiction for the trial of criminal cases, and authorizing the trial of persons before these petty tribunals without a jury or an indictment—except in capital offences.

The Legislature adjourned on the 21st, after passing concurrent resolutions of good will to Gov. Geary.

The remains of Sherrod who, it seems, was really killed in the recent disturbance at Lecompton, arrived at St. Louis on the 3d inst., on their way to Virginia.

The President's Household.—Mr. Buchanan was accompanied to Washington by his nephew and Private Secretary, James Buchanan Henry, and his niece, Miss Harriet S. Lane, and Miss Hetty Parker. Miss Lane will remain at Washington to do the honors of the White House, but Miss Parker was to return to take charge of Wheatland after the Inauguration.

FUN GLEANINGS.

Essence of the Scott and Davis Correspondence.—You're another.

Notice.—All men and women are hereafter requested not to give Thomas Benton the title of Colonel—because there being no such term used in the Bible, it is manifestly improper.

Fire.—The National Theatre, at Washington, has been burnt down. Great as the loss is for the managers—it is not so much for the inhabitants—since as long as Congress sits, the Washingtonians cannot want for broad farce—occasionally genteel comedy, and even high tragedy.

A Wreck.—As Krautsalaat was passing up Broadway, New York, the other day, with a friend, he observed a poor dog that had been frozen to death, lying in a gutter. Krautsalaat paused, gazed silently at the defunct animal, and at last said—

"Here's another shipwreck."

"Shipwreck!—where?" inquired his friend.

"There, for don't you see there's a *bark* that's lost forever."

Gentlemens' Fashions.—Evening costume *de rigeur* consists of the Anti-Garotte hat—a helmet composed of English bend leather and supporting a lantern in front, with a musket over the right shoulder. A favorite ornament is a sharp dog, worn at the back in a basket, box or knapsack, according to the taste of the wearer, to apprise the latter of any one's approach in the rear. The jewelry is now mostly worn at the waist, and consists mainly of daggers and pistols. The popular walking cane is of the "headache" description.

Bigoted on the Coin Question.—We learn that one of Walker's men met his death recently in battle, under the following circumstances: A Spaniard, who was serving in the Costa Rican army had his bayonet at the throat of our hero, but hesitated to plunge it into him, offering at the time to spare his life, if he would yield his arms and become his prisoner. This the follower of Walker refused point blank—saying that it "was against the laws of his country to accept any Spanish quarter at its former value." His enemy was therefore reluctantly obliged to make a body of him.

Woman.

Enthusiast.—"Oh! beauteous woman!"
Spirit of Truth.—"All art."
E.—"What soft, bright eyes."
S. of T.—"Belladonna."
E.—"What a marble brow."
S. of T.—"Lily powder."
E.—"And glowing cheek."
S. of T.—"Liquid rouge."
E.—"And teeth."
S. of T.—"Best mineral on gold plate."
E.—"And rounded form."
S. of T.—"Cotton."
E.—"A taper waist."
S. of T.—"She can scarcely breathe."
E.—"An arching instep."
S. of T.—"Heels on her gaiters."
E.—"And walks as if she sailed along."
S. of T.—"Which is due to hoops."
—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A New Dance.—The lovers of "good old times," when stately dames wore trains and danced minuets, will be pleased to learn that a new dance, called "The Lancers," has been brought forward in high places, which equals in gracefulness and stateliness the famous *Minuet a la cour* of the seventeenth century. As it may be danced by eight persons, sixteen, or more even, and as neither waltzing nor polking enter into its figures, it bids fair to eclipse all other fashionable dances, and even to displace the German! The figures keep every one busy all the time; therefore, in actual exercise "the German is nothing to it," as a young and untiring dancing beau told us eloquently while fanning himself violently after an hour's steady "rehearsal" to prepare for the evening exhibition. It requires practice in private to learn the complicated figures, and, being the rage here now (as it was last winter in Paris, Rome, and London), the belles and beaux meet in the day time to learn it for display at the balls. Rumor says it is merely an old English country dance revived, and certainly the simple reel-like music sanctions the report. It is more animating than the Virginia Reel, however, and yet in some parts very graceful and requiring a *reverence* (not a simple court'sy merely), which must be deep, slow, and elegant, as if made in the presence of royalty. Eugenie and Victoria admire and take part in this fascinating and exhilarating dance, and we should not blame our wives, mothers, and grandmothers where they likewise to learn and enjoy it amidst their own domestic circles. Then adieu to the midnight and interminable "German," say we, and hurrah for "The Lancers," which may begin at 8 and end at 10, every one well tired out who has joined in it.—*N. Y. Express.*

Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet.—Washington, March 6.—The President this afternoon sent in the following nominations of Cabinet Officers:—

Secretary of State—Lewis Cass, of Michigan.
Secretary of the Treasury—Howell Cobb, of Georgia.
Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of Virginia.
Secretary of the Navy—Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut.
Secretary of the Interior—Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi.
Postmaster General—Anson V. Brown, of Tennessee.
Attorney General—Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania.

The nominations were immediately confirmed by the Senate.

Singular Encounter.—In June, 1855, Mr. J. B. Breckenridge and Mr. F. Leavenworth got into a quarrel at the Shakspeare Club in this city, and settled their differences only by a duel at Niagara Falls. Mr. Breckenridge received a ball in the calf of his leg, but the wound was trifling. His opponent fared worse, Breckinridge's bullet passing through one thigh, breaking the bone, and imbedding itself deeply in the other. Mr Leavenworth has since recovered. Mr. Breckenridge went to New Orleans, and became connected editorially with the Courier. On Saturday he fought a duel with Mr. Nixon, editor of the Crescent, when he received precisely the same kind of a wound that he inflicted on Leavenworth, being, at the second fire, shot in both thighs.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Largest Yet.—The Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald states that a nugget of gold was recently found on Louisa Creek, the value of which is estimated at £20,000. It is said to be the largest ever found, and weighs 5 cwts.

Eagle Killed by a Lady.—On the 8th ult., Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Hampshire county, Va., seeing an eagle making havoc among a flock of geese, seized a club, and striking the national bird, killed it on the spot.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 220—Adults 88, and children 132.

THE RED-COURT FARM.

CHAPTER I.

On a certain part of the English coast, lying sufficiently contiguous to France for the convenience of smuggling, and rising high above the sea, was a bleak plateau of land. It was a dizzy task to walk close to its edge, and look down over the cliff to the beach below—a small beach, in the form of a half-moon, accessible only from the sea, and, at low water, by a very narrow path round the left projection of rock. Beyond this narrow path lay the village—if the few poor fishermen's huts deserved the name. Some were erected on the low grass-land, and some up the cliffs, not there so perpendicular. The Half Moon was never under water, for the tide did not reach it, though it had used to years ago. Rude steps shelved down from it to a lower beach, which met the sea. Standing on the plateau overhead, with your back to the sea and looking inland, the eye fell upon a cultivated dell, where rose a large red-brick house, called the Red-Court Farm. It was built on the site of an ancient castle, part of whose ruins lay still around. To the left of this house (but to your right hand as you stood looking) might be seen the church; and, beyond that, some five minutes' walk, lay a handful of gentlemen's houses. On the plateau itself, not a long way from its edge, rose an old circular wall, breast high, with a narrow door or opening. It was called the Round Tower, and was supposed to have been the watch-tower in former times.

The name of the family living at the Red-Court was Thornycroft. Mr. Thornycroft rented and farmed the land around, about three hundred acres. He was a county magistrate, and rode in to the five-mile off town, Jutpoint, when the whim took him, and sat upon the bench. Never was there a pleasanter companion than he, and the other magistrates chuckled when they got an invitation to the Red-Court dinners, for they loved the hearty welcome and the jolly cheer. Three sons had Mr. Thornycroft; two of them fine, towering men like himself. Richard, the eldest, was dark, stern, and resolute, but he would unbend to courtesy over his wine; and Isaac, the second, was of elegant form, bland features, and fair complexion. The third was Cyril. He was only of middle height, his health, less robust than that of his brothers, and he was less given to out-door pursuits. They were all engaged in agriculture. "A thriving farm the Red-Court must be," quoth the neighbors, "for the old man to keep all his three sons upon it."

Only gentlemen had hitherto visited at the Red-Court, for Mrs. Thornycroft was dead, and the daughter, the youngest of the family, was at school near London. She rarely visited her home; a house without a mistress was not the place for a young girl, Mr. Thornycroft was wont to say. But now that she had attained her nineteenth year, she came home to live; a ladylike, agreeable girl, with Cyril's love for reading, Isaac's fair skin and handsome features, and Richard's resolute eye and lip. She assumed her post as mistress of the house with a spirit of determination which said she meant to maintain it, and soon the servants whispered about, that Miss Thornycroft and her brothers had already had some words together, for both sides wanted the mastery. She wished regulation in the house, and they set all regulation at defiance, especially in the matter of coming in to meals. One day in January, Richard went striding out of the house to find his father. The justice was in the grounds with a gun.

"This girl's turning the house upside down," he began. "We shall not be able to keep her at home."

"What girl? Do you mean Mary Anne?"

"There's nobody else I should mean," returned the young man, who was not remarkable for courtesy of speech, even to his father. "I'd pretty soon shell out anybody else who came spoiling sport. She has gone and invited some fellow and his sister down to stop. We can't have prying spies here."

"Don't fly in a flurry, Dick. I'll go and speak to her. Here, take the gun."

"What is all this, Mary Anne?" demanded Justice Thorneycroft, when he reached his daughter. "Richard says you have been inviting people here."

"So I have, papa. Susan Hunter and her brother. She was one of my schoolfellows, and often stops the holidays at school. I should like her to come for a week before they are over."

"They cannot come."

"Not if Richard's whims are to be studied," returned Miss Thornycroft, angrily. "Do you wish me to live on in this house forever, papa, without a soul to speak to, save my brothers and the servants? And cordial companions they are," added the young lady, alluding to the former, "out, out, out, as they are, night after night! I should like to know where it is they go to. I'll find out."

Mr. Thornycroft started.

"Daughter!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper, "hold your peace about where your brothers go to. What is it to you? Are you a firebrand come among us? Write, and put off these intruders you have been inviting; and, if you want to remain under my roof, shut your eyes and ears to all that does not concern you."

He left the room as he spoke, and Mary Anne looked after him. "Shut my eyes and ears!—that I never will. I can see how it is; papa has lived so long under Richard's finger and thumb, that he gives way to his slightest whim. I don't think they are well-conducted, these brothers of mine; and papa winks at it—at least, Richard and Isaac. They frequent low company and public houses, as I believe; where else can they go to in an evening, without dressing, and stop away for hours? Last night they went out in their velveteen jackets, and gaiters all mud. Richard thinks if we had visitors he must remain in, and be attentive to himself, so he has set his face against their coming. But I will show Richard that I have a will of my own, and as good a right to exercise it as he."

The two eldest sons of Justice Thornycroft certainly did appear to be rather loose young men, and their dog cart, a favorite vehicle of theirs, might be heard going out or coming in at all hours of the night. But they were much liked in the neighborhood for all that, were social with their equals, and generous to the fishermen and their families.

Miss Thornycroft did not write to stop her guests, and on the following Monday one of them arrived, Mr. Hunter. His sister had gone to her parents' house in the north. Miss Thornycroft was walking towards the village, and saw him alight from the railway omnibus, which stopped at the Mermaid. She knew him directly, though she was at some distance; knew him by his coat, if by nothing else. It was a remarkable coat of white cloth, trimmed with dark fur. He was a slender young man, not tall, about the size and figure of her brother Cyril, his profession that of land-surveyor and engineer. Miss Thornycroft had met him frequently at a house where she used to visit in London, and the two managed to fall in love with each other; but he had said nothing, for he was not rich enough to think of marrying at present. The house was thunderstruck when he arrived that afternoon, and Mary Anne introduced him. Richard, stern and haughty, vouchsafed no greeting, but the old gentleman was bound in courtesy to welcome him. It was well, perhaps, that some friends dined that evening at the Red Court; it smoothed matters.

Young Hunter proved himself an agreeable companion; and as the days went on even Richard fell into civility. He was an active, free-mannered young fellow, this Robert Hunter, and soon made himself at home, not only in the Red-Court, but in the village. He made excursions in the railway omnibus to Jutpoint; he explored the cliffs; he went into the fishermen's huts, and out in their boats; every soul soon knew Robert Hunter, and especially his coat, which had become a marvel of admiration in Coastdown. Miss Thornycroft was his frequent companion, and they walked forth together unrestrained. One day—it was on the Monday, just a week after his arrival—they had strolled on to the plateau, and were standing at its edge, looking at the vessels as they passed along the calm sea, when a gentleman came up to them and shook hands. He was well known to Mary Anne, and Mr. Hunter had met him at the Red-Court at that first evening's dinner-party. His name was Kyne, and he was stationed at Coastdown as superintendent of the coast-guard.

"I was telling Miss Thornycroft," began young Hunter, "that this place looks as suitable for smuggling as any I ever had the luck to see. Have you much trouble, Mr. Supervisor?"

"No," replied the officer, "but I am in hopes of it. We know," he added, sinking his voice,—"we have positive information that smuggling, to a great extent, is carried on here, but never, in spite of our precautions, have we succeeded in dropping on the wretches. I don't speak of paltry packets of tobacco and sausage-skins of brandy, which the fishermen manage to stow about their ribs, but of more serious cargoes. I would stake my life that somewhere about this place there lies hidden a ton load of lace, rich as any that ever flourished at the Court of St. James."

"Where can it be hidden?" asked Mary Anne.

"I wish I could tell you where, Miss Thornycroft. I have walked repeatedly about that place underneath"—pointing down at the Half-Moon beach—"from the time the tide went off the narrow path to it till it came in again, puzzling over it, and peering with every eye I had."

"*Peering!*" echoed Robert Hunter.

"We have heard, in the old days of smuggling, of caves, hiding-places, being concealed in the rocks," said the supervisor. "I cannot get it out of my head that there's something of the sort here, in these modern days."

"It would be charming to discover it," laughed the young lady; "but I fear it is too romantic to be possible."

"*The cave, or the finding it, Mary Anne?*" asked her lover.

"The cave, of course. If such a thing were there, I should think there would be little difficulty in finding it."

"I have found it difficult," observed Mr. Kyne. "We had information a short time back," he continued, again dropping his voice, which had been raised in the heat of conversation, "that a boat-load of something—*my* belief is, it's lace—was waiting to come in. Every night for a fortnight, in the dark age of the moon, did I haunt this naked plateau, on the watch, my men being within call. A very agreeable task it was, lying *perdu* on its edge, with my cold face just extended beyond!"

"And what was the result?" eagerly asked young Hunter, who was growing excited with the narrative.

"Nothing was the result. I never saw the ghost of a smuggler or a boat approach the place. And the very first night I was off the watch, I have reason to believe the job was done!"

"Which night was that?" inquired Miss Thornycroft.

"This day week, when I was dining at the Red-Court. I had told my men to be on the look-out; but I had certainly told them in a careless sort of way, for the moon was bright again, and who was to suspect that they would risk it on a light night? They are bold sinners!"

"How was it that your men were so negligent?" inquired Mr. Hunter.

"There's the devil of it—I beg your pardon, young lady; wrong words slip out inadvertently when one's vexed. My careless orders made the men careless, and they sat boozing at the Mermaid. Young Mr. Thornycroft, it seems, happened to go in, saw them sitting there with some of his farm-laborers, and, in a generous fit, ordered them to call for what drink they liked. They had red eyes and shaky hands the next morning."

"How stupid of my brother!" exclaimed Mary Annie. "Was it Richard or Isaac?"

"I don't know. But all your family are too liberal; their purse is longer than their discretion. It is not the first time, by many, they have treated my fellows. I wish they would not do so."

"It must have been Richard," mused Mary Anne. "Isaac was away somewhere all that day, and I don't believe he came in till the following morning. And I remember that when you came into the drawing-room to tea, Robert, you said Richard had left the dining room. He must have gone to the Mermaid then. You did not honor my tea table, Mr. Kyne?"

"No, Miss Thornycroft. I stayed with your father, and the rest, in the dining room. We had our pipes there."

"Do they run the boat in here?" inquired Mr. Hunter, looking down upon the strip of beach.

"They run the boat there—as I believe. In short, there's little doubt about it. You see, there is nowhere else that they can run it to. There's no possibility of such a thing higher up, beyond that point to the right, and it would be nearly as impossible for them to land a cargo of contraband goods beyond the left point, in the face of all the villagers."

There was a silence. All three were looking below at the scrap of beach, over the sharp edges of the jutting rocks. Mary Anne broke it.

"But where could they stow a cargo in here? There is evidently no opening, or place for concealment, in those hard, bare rocks, or it would have been discovered long ago. Another thing—allow for a moment that they do get a cargo stowed away somewhere in the rocks, how are they to get it out again? There would be equal danger of discovery."

"So there would," replied Mr. Kyne. "I have thought of all these things myself till my head is muddled."

"Did you ever read Cooper's novels, Mr. Kyne?" demanded Miss Thornycroft. "Some of them would give you a deal of insight into this sort of transactions."

"No," replied the officer, with an amused look. "I prefer to get my insight from practice. I am pretty sharp sighted. It is my own idea alone, that they bring their cargo in here, and I shan't relinquish it till I have proof positive, one way or the other."

"I should like to go down there and have a look at these rocks," said Mr. Hunter. "My profession has taken me much amidst rocks and land. Perhaps my experience could assist you."

"Let us walk there now," exclaimed the supervisor, seizing at the idea. "If it's not taking you out of your way, Miss Thornycroft."

"Oh, I should be delighted," was the young lady's reply. "I call it quite an adventure. Some fine moonlight night I shall come and watch over the cliff myself."

"They don't do their work on a moonlight night. At least," he hastened to correct himself, with a somewhat crestfallen expression, "not usually. But after what happened this day week I shall mistrust a light night as much as a dark one."

"Are you sure," inquired Miss Thornycroft, as they walked along, "that a cargo was really landed that night?"

"I am not sure; but I have cause to suspect it."

"It must be an adventurous life," she remarked, "bearing its charms, no doubt."

"They had better not get caught," was the officer's rejoinder, delivered with professional gusto; "they would not find it so charming then."

"I thought the days of smuggling were over," observed Mr. Hunter; "except the more legitimate way of doing it through the very eyes and nose of the custom-house. Did you know anything, personally, of the great custom-house frauds, as they were called, when so many officers and merchants were implicated, some years ago?"

"I did. I held a subordinate post in the London office then, and was in the thick of the discoveries."

"You were not one of the implicated?" jestingly demanded Mr. Hunter.

"Why, no; or you would not see me here now. I was not sufficiently high in the service for it."

"Or else you might have been?"

"That's a home question," laughed Mr. Kyne. "I really cannot answer for what might have been. My betters were tempted to be."

"There!" exclaimed Mary Anne, "you acknowledge that you custom-house gentlemen are not proof against temptation, and yet you boast of looking so sharply after these wretched fishermen!"

"If the game is carried on here, as I suspect, Miss Thornycroft, it is not wretched fishermen who have to do with it; except, perhaps, as subordinates."

It was a short walk, as they made their way down to the village, and thence to the narrow path winding round the projection of rock.—The tide was out, so they shelved round it with dry feet, and ascended to the Half-Moon beach. They paced about from one end of the place to the other, looking and talking. Nothing was to be seen; nothing; no opening, or sign of opening. The young engineer had an umbrella in his hand, and he struck the rocks repeatedly—in one part in particular, it was just the middle of the Half-Moon, he struck and struck, and returned to strike again.

"What do you find?" inquired Mr. Kyne.

"Not much. Only it sounds hollow just here."

They looked again: they stooped down and looked; they stood upon a loose stone and raised themselves to look; they pushed and struck at the part with all their might and main. No, nothing came of it.

"Did you ever see a more convenient spot for working the game?" cried the supervisor. "Look at those embedded stones down there, rising from the grass: the very things to moor a boat to."

"Who do you suspect does this contraband business?" inquired Robert Hunter.

"My suspicions don't fall particularly upon any one. There are no parties in the neighborhood whom one could suspect, except the boatmen, and if the trade is pushed in the extensive way I think, they are not the guilty men.—A week ago, as I tell you, they ran one cargo; I know they did; and may I be shot this moment, if they are not ready to run another! That's a paying game, I hope."

"How do you ascertain this?"

"By two or three things. One of them which I have no objection to mention, is that a certain queer craft is fond of cruising about here.—Whenever I catch sight of her ugly sides, I know it bodes no good for her Majesty's revenue. She carries plausible colors, the hussy, and has, I doubt not, a double bottom, false as her colors. I saw her stern, shooting off at daybreak this morning, and should like to have had the over hauling of her."

"Can you not?"

"No. She is apparently on legitimate business. And once, when it was done, nothing came of it. She happened, by ill luck, to be really empty, or the officers were not skillful enough to unearth the fox."

They left the Half-Moon. Mr. Kyne quitted them, and Miss Thornycroft and her lover returned to the plateau again, and stood on its edge as before.

"This is in the middle, about as we were standing underneath; and your house, as you see, lies off in a straight line," remarked Mr. Hunter. "It is a good thing your family live there, Mary Anne."

"Why?"

"Because if any suspicious persons inhabited it, I should say that house might have something to do with the mystery. There can be little doubt, from what the officer says, that smuggled goods are landed and stowed away in these rocks, though the ingress is hidden from the uninitiated. Should this be really the case, depend upon it there is some passage, some communication, in these rocks to an egress inland."

"But what has that to do with our house?" inquired Mary Anne, wonderingly.

"These old castles, lying contiguous to the coast, are sure to have subterranean passages underneath, leading to the sea. Many an escape has been made that way in time of war, and many an ill-fated prisoner has been so conducted to the waves, and put out of sight for ever. Were I your father, I would institute a search. He might come upon the hoarding place of the smugglers."

"But the smugglers cannot get to their caverns and passages through our house!"

"Of course not. There must be some other opening. How I should like to drop upon the lads!"

When they reached home, they found the family in the dining room, all but Isaac. Mr. Thornycroft had his spectacles on, writing, Richard was doing something to a gun, and Cyril lay almost at length in an easy chair, reading. Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter spoke up, full of excitement.

"Such an adventure! Papa, did you know we have smugglers on the coast here?"

"Have you ever explored underneath your house, sir, under the old ruins of the castle? There may be a chain of subterranean passages and vaults from here to the sea."

"Not common smugglers, papa, the poor tobacco-and-brandy sailors, but people in an extensive way: boat-loads of lace they land."

"I'd lay any money—I'll lay a crown with you, Mr. Richard, if you'll take it—that there's oftentimes a rare booty there. Perhaps there may be at this very moment."

The words had been poured forth so rapidly both by Mary Anne and Mr. Hunter, that it would seem their hearers were powerless to interrupt them. Yet the effect they produced was great. Cyril started upright, and let his book drop on his knees; the old gentleman pushed his glasses to the top of his brow, an ashy paleness giving place to his healthy, rosy color; while Richard, more demonstrative, dashed the gun on the carpet and broke into an ugly oath. The justice was the first to speak.

"What absurd treason are you talking now? You are mad, Mary Anne."

"It is not treason at all, sir," replied Mr. Hunter, regarding Richard with surprise. "It is a pretty well ascertained fact that contraband goods are landed and housed in the rocks at the Half-Moon. It will be loyalty instead of treason, if we can contrive to lay a trap and catch the traitors."

"I'll be—"

"Be quiet, Richard," authoritatively exclaimed young Cyril, interrupting his brother's intemperate speech. "Where did you pick up this cock-and-bull story?" he quietly asked, turning to Robert Hunter. "What has given rise to it?"

"We got it from the supervisor, Mr. Cyril. He has suspected that this station was favored by smugglers, and now he is sure of it. One cargo they landed a few days ago, and there's another dodging off the coast, waiting to come in. He'll drop upon that."

"It is a made up lie!" foamed Richard. "The fellow talks so to show his zeal. I'll tell him so."

"Well, lie or no lie, you need not fly in a passion over it," said Mary Anne. "It is not our affair."

"Then, if it is not our affair, what business have you interfering in it?" retorted Richard. "Interpose your authority, father, and forbid her to concern herself with men's work. No woman would do it, who retains any sense of shame."

"Miss Thornycroft has done nothing unbecoming a lady," exclaimed Mr. Hunter, in a tone of wonder. "You forget that you are speaking to your sister, Mr. Richard. What can you mean?"

"Oh, he means nothing," said Mary Anne, "only he lets his temper get the better of his tongue. One would think, Richard, you had something to do with the smugglers, by your flying out in this way. And, indeed, it *was* partly your fault that they got their last cargo in."

"Explain yourself," calmly cried Cyril to his sister, pushing his arm before Richard's mouth.

"It was the night of the dinner-party, this day week," proceeded Mary Anne. "Mr. Kyne was here; the only night he had been off the watch for a fortnight, he says. But he left orders with his men to look out, and Richard got treating them at the Mermaid till they were tipsy, and they never looked. So the coast was clear, and the smugglers got their goods in."

"Ah, ha!" said Cyril, "new brooms sweep clean. Mr. Supervisor is a fresh hand down here, so he thinks he must trumpet forth his fame as a keen officer—that he may be all the more negligent by-and-by, you know—and he gets up this nice little mare's nest. None but a stranger, as you are, Mr. Hunter, could have given ear to it."

"I have given both ear and belief," replied the young man, firmly; "and I have offered Mr. Kyne my engineering experience to help him trace out the secret in the rocks."

"You have!" uttered Justice Thornycroft.

"To be sure I have, sir. I have been with him now, on the Half-Moon, sounding them, but I had only an umbrella, and that was of little use. We are going to-morrow better prepared. It strikes me the mystery lies right in the middle. It sounds hollow there. I will do all I can to help him, that the fellows may be brought to punishment."

"Sir!" cried the old gentleman, in a voice of thunder, rising, and sternly confronting Robert Hunter, "I forbid it. Do you understand? *I forbid it.* None under my roof shall take act or part in this."

"But justice demands it," replied young Hunter, after a pause. "It behooves all loyal subjects to her Majesty to aid in discovering the offenders: especially you, sir, a sworn magistrate."

"It behooves me to protect the poor fishermen, who look to me for protection, who have looked to me for it for years; ay, and received it," was the agitated reply, "better than it behooves you, sir, to presume to teach me my duty! Richard, leave me to speak. I tell you, sir, I do not believe this concocted story. I am the chief of the place, sir, and I will not believe it. The coast-guard and the fishermen are at variance; always have been; and I will not allow the poor fellows to be traduced and put upon, treated as if they were thieves and rogues. Neither I nor mine shall take part in it; no, nor any man who is under my roof eating the bread of friendliness. I hope you hear me, sir."

"If it were one of my own brothers who did so, I would shoot him dead," said Richard, with a meaning touch at his gun. "So I warn him."

"And commit murder?" echoed Mr. Hunter.

"It would not be murder, sir," cried old Mr. Thornycroft, "it would be justifiable homicide. When I was a young man, a friend abused my father's hospitality. I challenged him. We went out with our seconds, and he fell dead. That was not murder."

"But, papa," interposed Mary Anne, "in ——"

"To your room, Miss Thornycroft!—to your room for the day, I say!" screamed out her father, pushing her along; "would you heard my authority?" Things are coming to a pretty pass!"

Mary Anne, confused and terrified, hastened from the room. Richard strode from it also; then Cyril, as if a sudden thought struck him, darted after his brother, and called to him.

"What now?" sullenly cried Richard, halting in the hall.

"Be cautious," whispered Cyril. "Do nothing. They can't find out."

"And the fool talking of going again to sound the rocks!"

"Let him go. If the square stone sounds as hollow as his head, what then? They can make nothing of it. No discovery can be made from the outside, Dick; you know it *can not*; and we'll take care they don't get in. Your temper and my father's are enough to ruin all; to set this fellow's suspicions on to us. You should have treated it derisively, as I did."

Richard flung away, swearing. He had not gone far when he met Isaac.

"Ikey, we are blown on."

"What?"

"We are blown on, I say."

"How? Who has done it?"

"That cursed Hunter. He and Kyne have been putting their heads together, and, by all that's true, they have hit it hard. They have got a suspicion of the rocks; been sounding the square rock and found it hollow. Kyne has scented the cargo that's waiting off now."

The corners of Isaac Thornycroft's mouth fell considerably.

"We must get that in," he exclaimed. "It is double the usual value."

"I wish Hunter and the gauger were both hanging from the cliffs together!" added Richard, as he strode onwards. "I'm on my way to tell Tomlett, and see what's to be done."

Robert Hunter was confounded by the reception his news had met with. The behaviour of Justice Thornycroft and his eldest son appeared to him perfectly unaccountable, but his suspicions were not awakened in the direction of truth. After what had passed, he deemed that he was bound not to go again sounding the rocks. He made an excuse to the supervisor, and in his intercourse with Mary Anne he never reapproached the subject. His visit drew near its termination, and he fixed Sunday evening for his departure, having occasion to be in London the next day.

Sunday came, and in the afternoon they went over to Jutpoint, in the omnibus, to afternoon service at St. Andrews; the Justice, Cyril, Mr. Hunter, Miss Thornycroft, and a young lady who was spending the day with her. They had all attended service in the morning at the little parish church. As they came out of St. Andrews', many acquaintances stopped to greet them, and Mr. Thornycroft and Cyril laid hands on two or three, and conveyed them back to dinner. At home they found Richard with a friend of his, and at six o'clock, just as they were sitting down, Isaac came in, arm-in-arm with Mr. Kyne, so that they were ten at dinner, besides the two ladies. The housekeeping at the Red-Court was rarely unprepared for these impromptu guests, as this day's dinner proved; after-circumstances caused its items to be discussed out of doors as, indeed, was every trifling detail connected with that eventful night. There was soup, a fine cod-fish, a round of beef, a large roast turkey, and a tongue, some other side dish, which, as it appeared, nobody touched, a plumb-pudding, sweet dishes, and maccaroni. All this, cooked and served in the best manner, with various vegetables, rich and plentiful sauces, strong ale, and the best of wines. A merry party were they, and no wonder that they sat late round the table, where spirits and cigars had replaced the dessert and wine, Mary Anne and her guest having retired.

It had been Mr. Kyne's intention to retire at eight o'clock, precisely, (he emphasised the word to himself,) and go on the watch; or, at any rate, see that a substitute was there. But the best of officers are but mortal; Mr. Kyne felt very jolly where he was; and, as Cyril Thornycroft whispered him, the smuggling lads were safe not to attempt any bother on a Sunday night, they would be jollifying for themselves. So the officer sat on, paying his respects to the brandy-and-water, and getting rather dizzy about the eyes.

As it happened, the subordinate was on the watch, close to the bleak edge of the cold plateau, wishing himself anywhere else, disbelieving all about the smugglers, and bemoaning his hard fate in being planted there, in the frost, for so many hours on the stretch. Tomlett, the fishing-boat master came up and accosted him—

"Cold work, my man."

"It just is that?" was the surly answer.

"But it's a bright night, as bright as ever I saw one, with the moon not up; so you run no danger of pitching over, through a false step in the dark. There's consolation in that."

"Ugh!" grunted the shivering officer, as if the fact afforded little consolation to him.

"What on earth's the use of your airing yourself here?" went on Tomlett. "You coast-guard fellows have got the biggest swallows! As if any smugglers would attempt the coast to-night! My belief is—and I am pretty well used to the place, and have got eyes on all sides of me—that this suspicion of Master Kyne's is all moonshine and empty herring-barrels. I could nearly take my oath of it."

"So could I," said the man.

"Let us go on to the Mermaid, and have a glass. I'll stand it. Johnson and Simms, and a lot more are there."

"I wish I dare," cried the aggravated subordinate; "but Kyne will be up presently."

"No he won't. He is round old Thornycroft's fire, in a cloud of smoke and drink. There's a dinner-party at the Red-Court, and Kyne and the young Thornycrofts, especially Mr. Dick, are half seas over."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I'll swear it, if you wish me. I've just come from there. I went down to try and get speech of the justice about that boat loss; it comes on at Jutpoint to-morrow, and he is to be on the bench. But it was no go: they are all fixed in that dining-room till twelve o'clock to-night, and then they'll reel off to bed with their boots on."

So the Mermaid very speedily received an addition to its company. But when Mr. Tomlett had seen the other settled, he quitted him.

About the same hour, Richard and Isaac Thornycroft withdrew, one by one, and unperceived, from their father's dining room. Mr. Tomlett's account of Richard's state of brain was an exaggeration: however freely others might have indulged, he and Isaac remained sober.

From the door of the Mermaid Mr. Tomlett steered his course to the Red-Court, tearing over the intervening ground as if he had been flying from a mad bull. Richard stood in the shade of the old ruin, looking out for him.

"It's all right, sir," he panted when he approached; "I have got the fellow in. We must lose no time."

"Very well," whispered Richard. "Find Ben, and come down."

"Do you think he's safe, sir?" questioned Mr. Tomlett, jerking his head in the direction of the dining room windows.

"Couldn't be safer," responded Richard.—"I drugged his last glass of wine, and now he is going in at the brandy."

As Mr. Tomlett turned away, Isaac Thornycroft came up with a lighted lantern under his coat. His brother spoke in a low tone.

"It's all right, Isaac. Come along down, and then I'll be back on to the plateau."

It is useless to attempt to describe in detail what now followed, since the limited space allotted for this article will not allow it. It is sufficient to say that the two brothers descended to the subterranean passage—for a passage there was, and a vault at the end of it. A trap-door in a certain corner of the old ruins disclosed a flight of steps which was the entrance to the passage. The door was invisible to the eye, and, besides, was always covered with straw and by an old cart, which, apparently was never moved from its place. The brothers moved it now, pushed away the straw, and went down, their lantern lighting the damp sides of the narrow passage. They traversed it to the end, and there, unwinding a chain, a square portion of the rock, loose from the rest, was *pulled in*, and then turned aside by means of a pivot, thus affording an ingress sufficiently large for the packages of smuggled goods, which, as the officer surmised, chiefly consisted of valuable lace.

Richard helped Isaac to move the rock, and then returned along the passage to make his way to the plateau; one of them always standing there on the watch for intruders, with his descending signal in case of need. It was marvellous how lucky they had hitherto been! Half-way up the passage, Richard encountered Tomlett and the assistant called Ben, on their way to join Isaac; both tried and true men. Isaac, meantime, by the help of a pole, had hoisted a flaring light outside, holding it there for a few minutes. It was the signal for the boats to put off from that especial vessel which was the object of Mr. Kyne's abhorrence. No fear that it would be disregarded.

And now we must return to Robert Hunter. The omnibus left the Mermaid every night at half-past eight o'clock, to convey passengers to the railway at Jutpoint, a train for London passing through that place at midnight. Robert Hunter had fixed to take his departure by it, but it happened that he, like the supervisor, was loth to tear himself away from the company and the good cheer, and he let the hour slip by. Alas! that it should have been so! for the terrible events that followed, would never otherwise have taken place. When he took out his watch, he found it wanted but a quarter to nine.

"By Jove! I have missed the omnibus!" he exclaimed to Cyril next to whom he sat.

"Never mind. The night is fair. You can walk it."

So thought Robert Hunter. He was heated with wine, not certainly to intoxication, but quite sufficiently so to render the prospect of a walk not disagreeable. In a few minutes he got up to be going, quietly said farewell to Mr. Thornycroft and to Cyril, and then discovered that Richard and Isaac were not in the room.

"You must wish them good-bye for me," he said to Cyril.

"Oh, I'll do that," answered the young man.

Coffee was on the table in the drawing-room, and Miss Thornycroft poured him out a cup.—He drank it standing.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" she asked. "As you have missed the omnibus, you are not tied for time. You may walk it easily in an hour and a half."

"I do not care to be on the road late, Mary Anne. What with your tales of smugglers, and other lawless fellows, I would rather be at Jutpoint than half-way to it, when it gets towards midnight."

The fact was, that of physical bravery Robert Hunter possessed but a small share.

"What about your portmanteau?" inquired Mary Anne.

"It must come after me to-morrow. One of your men will take it to the Mermaid for the early omnibus. The direction is on it."

He shook hands with the young lady who sat there, and Mary Anne went out with him. As they passed through the hall, he took his remarkable coat from the peg, and flung it over his arm.

"Why don't you put it on?" asked Miss Thornycroft.

"Not yet. I am hot. By-and-bye, when the cool air strikes to me."

They stood just outside the door, in the shade of the walls, and he wound his arms round her for a last embrace. *At last!* "God bless you, Mary Anne!" he whispered; "the time will come when we need not part."

She stood looking after him, the outline of his retreating form being visible in the starlight.

"Why, what in the world—he has taken his way straight on for the plateau, instead of turning off to the village!" she mentally exclaimed. "Perhaps he is going to take a night view over the sea."

However, Miss Thornycroft found it cold, standing there, and she returned in-doors. As she passed the kitchen door, she looked in, and spoke to the upper servant.

"Sinnett, Mr. Hunter's portmanteau must go by the early omnibus. See that one of the men takes it to the Mermaid in time."

"Very well, miss," was the answer. And it may be here mentioned that the order was obeyed.

It is quite useless to speculate, now, *why* Robert Hunter went on to the plateau. Some power must have impelled him; these things, bearing great events in their train, do not occur by chance. Certain it is, that he did walk there, to its very edge, and looked down underneath. And then—was he dreaming?—was his brain treacherous, causing him to see things that were not? There, half way down the rocks, shone a great light, a flickering, flaring, blazing light, as of a torch! and Robert Hunter rubbed his eyes and clapped his chest, and pinched his arms, to make sure he was *not* in a dream of wine.

"He stood staring at it, his eyes and mouth open; stared at it till by some mysterious process it steadily lowered itself, and disappeared inside the rocks. Light—not of the torch—flashed upon him.

"It is the smugglers!" he burst forth, and the cold night air carried the words over the sea. That must be their signal for the booty to approach. Then there *is* an opening in the rocks! I'll hasten and give word to Kyne."

Flying along the plateau, and down towards the Red-Court, he had nearly reached it when he encountered Richard Thornycroft, who seemed to be flying along with equal speed towards the plateau. Hunter seized his arm.

"Richard! Mr. Richard! the smugglers are at work! I have dropped upon them! Their signal has been hoisted beyond the rocks."

"What!" roared Richard.

"It is true as that we are breathing here," exclaimed Hunter. "I went on to the plateau, and I saw their light; a flaming torch as big as your head. They are preparing to run the goods. I'm off to fetch Kyne."

He would have resumed his way with the last words, but Richard caught him. The slight form of Robert Hunter whirled round in his powerful grasp.

"Do you not see this?" he hoarsely raved, his face wearing an awfully livid expression in the starlight. "It is well loaded."

Robert Hunter did see it. It was the bright end of a pistol barrel, pointed close to his head. He recoiled; as far as he could; but the grasp was tight upon him.

"Down upon your knees," panted Richard—"down, I say. Now: swear, by your hopes of Heaven, that what you have detected shall not pass your lips; shall be as if you had not seen it."

"I swear," answered Robert Hunter. "I believe I guess how it is. I will be silent for Mary Anne's sake. I swear it."

"Now and hereafter?"

"Now and hereafter."

"Swear also that you will not betray it to my sister—that you will not enter the Red Court to her. Swear it, I say."

"I swear," repeated Hunter.

"Then get up, and go your way. Your path for departure lies *there*"—and Richard pointed to the road past the village. "But first hear me swear that if you lurk here unnecessarily, I will put this bullet through you. Cyril! see him off. He was turning traitor."

Cyril Thornycroft had come stealing up at the moment. They had not seen him till he was close upon them; his movements and steps were always quiet and stealthy. Richard, as if in some hurried pressure, darted off towards the ruins, and Cyril, as he walked away by the side of Hunter, according to his brother's command, inquired what it meant.

"I was not turning traitor; your brother does; would I turn traitor to a house whose hospitality I have been accepting? I saw, accidentally, a light exhibited from the Half-Moon Rocks, and I guessed what it meant. I guess more now than I will repeat; but the secret shall be safe with me."

"Safe now, and after your departure?"

"Safe always. I have sworn it."

"I am sorry this should have happened," said Cyril, somewhat appeased. "You had better lose no time in getting beyond the village. We have some rough men in the secret, and if they saw you here after this, I cannot answer for what might happen; they are more determined than even Richard. Let me advise you—at any rate for the present—not to hold further communication with our house, including my sister. Your visit here has not been pleasant, or productive of pleasant results; let us forget, for *the present*, I say, that there is such a name as Robert Hunter."

"I have promised all that. I was to have written to your sister on my arrival in town; will you explain to her the reason why I do not?"

"I thought you and my sister did not correspond," hastily interrupted Cyril.

"Neither do we. It was only to notify her of my safe arrival."

"I will explain sufficient to satisfy her."

A few minutes longer they walked together. Cyril went with him past the turning to the village, and saw him on the high road to Jutpoint. They then shook hands and parted. Cyril stood and looked after him.

"He's fairly off now, and I hope we shan't see the color of him for twelve months to come. Mary Anne might have chosen better." And the last words, Cyril turned, and walked with a brisk step back again.

Richard had darted into the ruins, as we have said. He was completely upset by what had occurred, and he went flying along the subterranean passage to give warning to Isaac, and seize in hoisting *two* lights which the smugglers could understand as the signal *not* to advance.

He had nearly reached the end of the passage, when his alarm began to subside, and the thought occurred to him, "Why stop the casks? If Hunter has cleared himself off, as there is no doubt he has, where is the danger?" thought, Richard Thornycroft did think, that Hunter would not play false. So he determined to let things go on, and turned back again without warning Isaac.

What mattered it that the guilty cargo was safely run? One was lying outside on the Half-Moon, while they housed it, with his battered face turned up to the sky—one whose departed soul had been worth all the cargoes in the world. The body was bruised, and crushed, *murdered*—the body of Robert Hunter.

How did it come there?

Reprehensible.—Riding out with the little boy through a pine forest a day or two ago, she enthusiastically exclaimed:

"This is Nature's Cathedral. Here are her columns and arches!"

Yes," we mechanically replied.

"And friezes, too."

The thermometer being at zero, we comprehended the last remark.—*Green Bay Advocate.*

THE STREAMLET.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Fair streamlet running
Where violets grow
Under the elm trees,
Murmuring low;
Rippling gently
Amid the grass;
I have a fancy,
As I pass;
I have a fancy as I see
The trailing willows kissing thee;
As I behold the daisies pied,
The harebell nodding at thy side;
The sheep that feed upon thy brink,
The birds that stoop thy wave to drink;
Thy blooms that tempt the bees to stray,
And all the life that tracks thy way.
I deem thou flowest
Through grassy meads
To show the beauty
Of gentle deeds;
To show how happy
The world might be,
If men, observant,
Copied thee;
To show how small a stream may pour
Verdure and beauty on either shore;
To teach what humble men might do,
If their lives were pure, and their hearts were true;
And what a wealth they might dispense,
In modest, calm beneficence;
Marking their course, as thou dost thine
By wayside flowers of love divine.

MY WIFE'S ECONOMY.

BY SMITH JONES.

Mrs. Jones is a jewel of a woman. The dear creature lately came home from a shopping excursion, in the most extravagant spirits.

"I have made such a bargain to-day!" said she. "I have bought such a beautiful dress for thirty shillings only! So I said to myself, even if I get Madame Flourish to make it up, it will be economical."

Now, Madame Flourish was a French *modiste*, who had lately come from Paris, and had really great taste, but was most extravagant in her charges; and I never heard her name without a shudder. A few months before, she made up a brocade for Mrs. Jones, which everybody said fitted beautifully. "It looks as if you were born in it," enthusiastically declared a friend, "and it had grown with you." But my pleasure in contemplating this master-piece, I must confess, was somewhat diminished when the bill came in, to the tune of two pounds sterling, for making and trimming it. However, "it wasn't so astonishing, after all," as my wife reasoned, "that a dress which was worth six pounds sterling should cost two pounds sterling to make it up," and with this reflection I consoled myself. So when I heard the proposal to take this other dress to madame, I argued that if she charged in the same proportion, her bill would be only ten shillings, which struck me as not excessive; and accordingly I made no objection to the suggestion, but, lighting a cigar, sat thinking of Mary Ann's many virtues, and especially her knack for economy.

In about a fortnight the dress came home. It was a pretty, blue affair, with palms set in stripes, and Mrs. Jones really looked like a summer cloud in it, as she floated about the room, displaying it in every aspect, and expatiating upon its merits. The sleeves, which were short, were neatly trimmed with a sort of narrow lace; and the cape, for it was cut low on the shoulders—and dear Mary Ann always wears capes over such dresses—was embellished with a wider lace of similar pattern. I thought to myself it was the cheapest dress for two pounds sterling, making and all, that I had ever seen; and as I smoked my cigar, I said mentally, "Ah, Jones, what a happy dog you are to have a wife with such a knack for economy!"

Two days after the bill came in. My wife opened it first, and I saw her draw a very long face as she ran her eye over it. However, she rallied immediately, and handed the missive to me. I glanced over it.

"Whew!" said I. "Twenty-five shillings for making a dress that cost only thirty! Surely, Mary Ann, there must be some mistake here?"

"Oh! no, my dear," she said, briskly. "My brocade, you know, cost two pounds sterling to make and trim, and this is fifteen shillings cheaper."

"But this dress cost only thirty shillings," said I.

"The cost of the dress, my dear," she replied, smiling benevolently at my ignorance, "has very little to do with the cost of making and trimming it."

"Tha dickens it hasn't!" I began.

"Hush!" said my wife, playfully putting her hand over my mouth. "Smithy, dear, you mustn't swear." And, taking the bill, she commenced going over it, item by item.

"Here," she said, "is the charge for making the dress—that is, for fitting and sewing it together, eight shillings. Now, I'm sure," she continued, appealingly, "that's reasonable; for it takes just as long, you know, to fit and sew together a cheap dress as a costly one!—it's the time that has to be paid for. Don't you see, dear?"

I was forced to nod assent to the fair logician, though it was with an internal groan.

"Then here's the linings, buttons, and other small items, five shillings, which is low, very low. Consider how these matters count up. Besides, it takes time to go about among the shops, matching the buttons to the dress."

I could not gainsay this, either; but I said to myself that there were twelve shillings still unaccounted for, and that it would "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer" to reconcile this sum to any rational being's notion of economy.

"There's twelve shillings left," resumed Mrs. Jones, "which is for the Valenciennes—"

"The what?" I exclaimed.

"The Valenciennes, with which the cape and sleeves are trimmed."

"Oh! that common-looking lace!" said I.

"Common-looking!" cried Mary Ann, her eyes sparkling. Then she laughed comically. "That shows what you men know about laces. Why, Smithy, dear, it's real Valenciennes, and very cheap; and what's more, I can use it on something else, after the dress is worn out."

"But why put real Valenciennes, as you call it, on so cheap a dress?" I asked, in a tone of vexation.

"It's that very Valenciennes that gives the dress such a stylish look," said my wife. "Everybody knows it's a cheap material, and it's only the trimming that redeems it. All that I require is a Valenciennes collar to match it, and I shall be complete."

I could not speak for amazement. I was dumb, not merely at this strange notion of an economical dress, but at the utter unconsciousness my wife had that there was anything extravagant about it. She availed herself of my silence to expatiate on the beauty of Valenciennes laces in general, and on that which trimmed her dress in particular; and warming with her subject, made it finally to appear that we were under infinite obligations to Madame Flourish for the opportunity of paying this bill and buying a collar to match her Valenciennes. Mrs. Jones was so earnest and sincere, that I thought it would be a pity to break her charming delusion. I resolved, therefore, to smoke second-rate cigars for the next six months, and indulge the dear creature in her wishes; and she looks so lovely, and seems so happy, in her new dress and collar, that, to confess the truth, I don't regret what I have done.

Nevertheless, as an abstract proposition, I still hold to the secret opinion, that paying twenty-five shillings for making and trimming a dress that cost only thirty, doesn't exactly show a knack for economy.

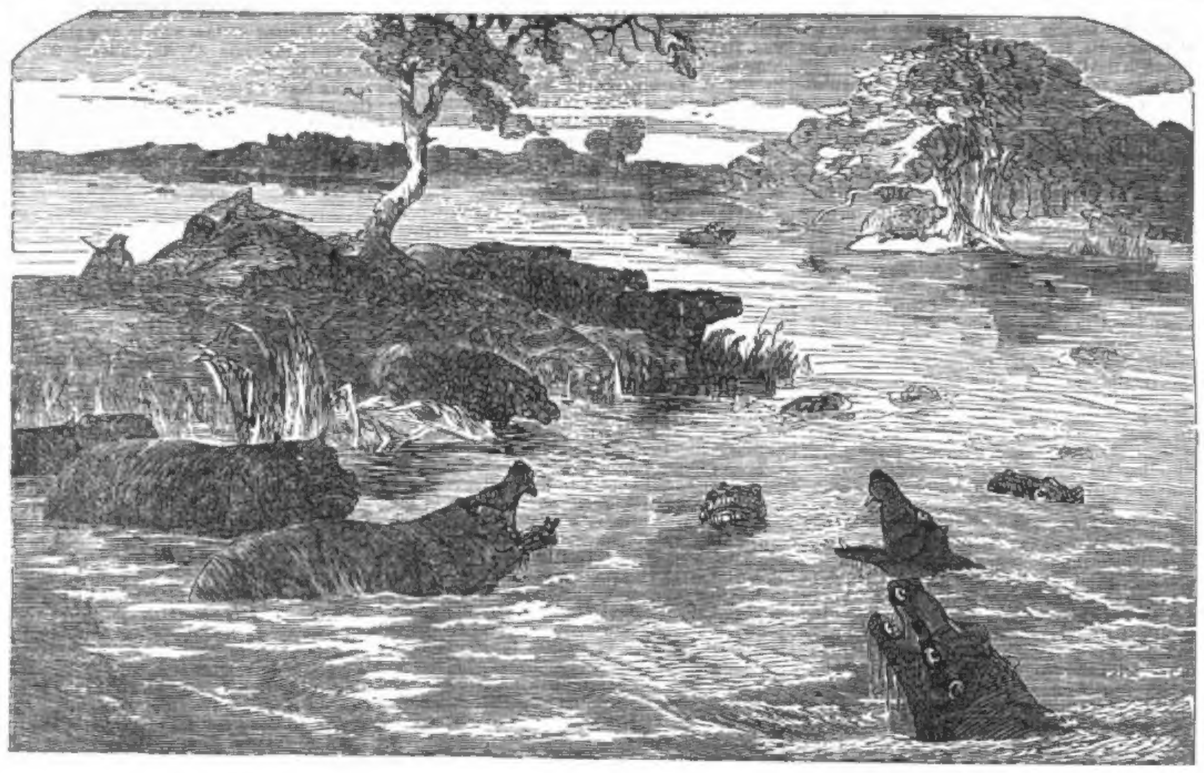
The Boodhist Religion.—Boodhism, to which the Pagoda is consecrated, is the religion of nearly half the human family, having possession of the greater part of China, Japan, Lao, Cochin-China, and Ceylon; all of Camboja, Siam, Birmah, Thibet Tartary and Loo Choo, and a large number of islands of the South Sea. Its principal stronghold is Birmah. *Boodh* is a general term for divinity, and not the name of any particular god. There have been, according to their system, innumerable Boodhs, in different ages, among different worlds, but in no world more than five, and in some not any. In this world, there have been four, and one is yet to come. The fourth has been dead 2,400 years, the fifth is expected in seven or eight thousand years. Boodhism is entirely different from Braminism. It admits of no incarnations or idols, of both of which the other system has many. That enjoins bloody sacrifices. This forbids all killing. That has an abominable system of morals. This never confounds right and wrong, and never excuses sin.

How to Get a Dinner.—Dr. Arne was with a party of musicians in a provincial town where a musical festival was being celebrated. They went to an inn to dine, but were told that everything eatable in the house was engaged. All despaired save the doctor, who, cutting off two or three ends of catgut, and observing a waiter carrying a haunch of mutton to a company in an adjoining room, contrived to drop his bits of catgut on the meat. He then returned to his companions, to whom he intimated that dinner would soon be ready. Going out, Arne encountered the waiter bearing away the joint with a look of disgust in his face. "What are you doing with that mutton?" was his query. "I am taking it back to the kitchen, sir; the gentlemen cannot touch it! Only look, sir," said William, with his nose in the direction of the bits of catgut, "it's enough to turn one's stomach!" "William," said Arne, gravely, "fiddlers have very strong stomachs—bring the mutton to our room." The haunch was eaten—but William had ever afterwards a contempt for musical people, who not only eat *grubs* but declare that they like them.

A Village Solomon in France.—Some of the inhabitants of Malicorne, near Commentry, complained to the Mayor that their geese had been stolen by a dealer, but as he had mixed them with a flock of his own, it was impossible to recognize them. The Mayor, a shrewd, hard working peasant, solemnly ordered all the geese to be placed in carts, and sent to some little distance from the village. The villagers wondered greatly what this could mean, and even ventured to mutter suspicions of the Mayor's wisdom and probity. But the functionary took no notice of these remarks, and stalked solemnly off with the carts. Arrived at the spot he had indicated, he cried to the drivers to "stop!" and with great dignity, added, "Now let loose the geese—those that have been stolen will take their way back to their owners' farm, those that belong to the dealer will remain." This was done, and lo! as the village Solomon had said, the stolen geese waddled gravely homeward, to the great astonishment of the simple villagers! The dishonest dealer was arrested.

Spirit Phantom.—The late Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist, as reported in the N. Y. Times, relates this startling story:

"Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast passing on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw through the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, a disseverd hand and arm stretched toward me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sudden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrinking to my mother, telling what I had seen. I communicate the story (he adds) as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain. Its coincidence, in this case, with the probable time of my father's death, seems at least curious."



HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BABY'S SHOES.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Oh, those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh, the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And over them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!"

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The recent presentations at the Court of the Tuileries have been most numerously and brilliantly attended, and the dresses worn by the ladies have been conspicuous for elegance and splendor. On one of these occasions the dress worn by the Empress was greatly admired.

Her Majesty's robe was of white tulle, with flounces ornamented with branches of coral. The court train was of scarlet velvet, edged and lined with ermine. The head dress was a tiara of diamonds. The Empress's train was borne by the Duchesses of Bassano and Essling.

The dress of the Princess Mathilde was a robe of white tulle, figured with gold stars, and a train of cloth of gold.

Mrs. Baring wore a robe and train of moire antique, of that peculiarly brilliant hue called Azoff green.

The Marquise d'Expenil's dress was made in the style called the *robe neige*. It consisted of six jupes of double tulle, each edged with blonde lace headed by a row of passamenterie. The jupes were gathered up at each side, and fastened by four tufts of cerise and white marabout feathers. The corsage, which was very much pointed in front, was covered by a fichu of blonde figured with silver. The sleeves, in the Greek style, were finished by two frills of blonde and silver passamenterie. The court train was of silver moire; it was edged with a rouleau of silver gauze, surmounted by frills of blonde fastened at intervals by tufts of cerise and white marabouts.

Ball dresses are now made with five and sometimes even with seven jupes thus producing the effect of aerial lightness. They are trimmed with tulle, gauze, and lace; the latter, indeed, was never more profusely employed than at the present time. Over a slip of white, pink, green, or amber taffety, they are frequently worn five or seven jupes of tulle, of the same hue as the slip. These jupes, moreover, are of double tulle, giving vast expansion of the skirt of the dress.

In this style a ball dress has just been made of orange-color tulle, over a slip of orange taffety. The tulle dress has seven flounces, each edged with orange-color marabout fringe. The corsage has draperies of tulle, finished with the same trimming. On each sleeve, and in front of the corsage, there was a bouquet of the berries of the service tree. On the head, a wreath formed of the same berries and their foliage.

A robe of Azoff green taffety has been made with three broad flounces of green tulle, entirely covering the skirt. These flounces are edged with draperies of tulle, gathered up at intervals by bows of gauze ribbon with flowing ends. The tulle flounces are covered by falls of rich Chantilly lace. The effect of this dress is at once novel and elegant.

Among the newest out-door dresses, we may mention one of Royal blue silk, with five flounces, each edged with a row of fancy ribbon of the same color, but a shade darker than the silk. The corsage is partially open with lappels, edged with fancy ribbon, and is fastened at the lower part by a row of fancy hanging buttons. The sleeves are plain and wide at the lower part, and turned up in the style of broad cuffs. Under-sleeves of muslin, consisting of one large puff and two smaller ones at the wrist. Bonnet of white terry velvet and blonde, tastefully trimmed with bouquets and flowers.—*London Lady's Newspaper of Feb. 7th.*

☞ Red hair was once fashionable; no more than sixty years ago a red powder was used to give the hair the admired color.

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The invention of firearms has made man lord of the animal creation. Lions, bears, and tigers fall before him, when he raises his gun and takes his deadly aim; and even the hippopotamus—the ancient behemoth of Scripture—has become the sport of our modern Nimrods. Its name, as derived from the Greek, signifies *The River Horse*. Modern writers, perhaps with more propriety, call the male animal "The Sea Bull," and the female "The Sea Cow." These animals, as most of our readers know, are amphibious—that is, able to live both in air and in water. They are denizens both of the land and the lake, the rock and the river.

Gordon Cumming, who spent five years in the far interior of Southern Africa, and slew wild animals of almost every description with as much zest and skill as our sportsmen do game at home, gives the following account of his adventures among a school of the hippopotamus tribe:—

"On the 27th, whilst riding along the river's bank, some distance beyond the limits of yesterday's gallop, I heard a loud plunge, which was immediately followed by the welcome blowing sound of sea cows. I instantly divested myself of my leather trowsers, and went into the reeds, where I came suddenly upon a crocodile of average size, lying in a shallow back stream, and, on his attempting to gain the main river, shot him dead on the spot; this was the first crocodile I had managed to lay my hands upon, although I had killed many. Soon after breakfast, the chief Seleka, accompanied by a number of his aristocracy, paid me a visit.

"On the 28th he sent men down the river, before it was clear, to look for sea cows, and they soon came running after me to say that they had found some; I followed accordingly, and, in a long, broad and deep bend, came upon four hippopotami, two full grown cows, a small one, and a calf. At the tail of this pool was a strong and rapid stream, which thundered along in Highland fashion over large masses of dark rock, and on coming to the shady bank, I could at first only see one old cow and a calf. When they dived, I ran into the reeds, and as the cow rose, shot her in the head; she, however, got away down the river, and I lost her. The other three took up the river, and became very shy, remaining under the water for five minutes at a time, and then popping their heads up only for a few seconds; I accordingly kept behind the reeds, in hope of dismissing their alarms. Presently, the two smaller ones, apparently no longer frightened, showed their entire heads, remaining above water for a minute; but the third, which was by far the largest, and which I thought must be a bull, continued extremely shy, diving under the water for ten minutes and more, letting us see her face but for a second, and making a blowing like a whale, returning to the bottom. I stood there with a rifle at my shoulder, and my eye on the sight, until I was quite tired. I thought I should never get a chance at her, and had just resolved to let fly at one of the smaller ones, when she showed up her head and looked about her; I fired, the ball cracked loudly below her ear, and the huge body of the sea cow came floundering to the top.

"Though not dead, she had lost her senses, and continued swimming round and round, sometimes beneath and sometimes at the surface of the water, creating a fearful commotion, when I finished her with a shot in the neck, upon which she instantly sank to the bottom, and disappeared in the strong and rapid torrent at the tail of the sea cow pool. Here she remained for a long time, and I thought that I had lost her, but the natives said she would soon reappear, and while taking my breakfast there was a loud hue and cry that the hippopotamus had floated and was sailing down the river. It was so, and my Hottentots swam in and brought her to the bank; her flesh proved most excellent. In the afternoon I shot a splendid old water buck, with a princely head, which I kept.

"The next day I rode down the river's bank, with two after riders, to seek for hippopotami, which the natives reported would be found in a pool in advance, where another river joined the Limpopo. After riding a short distance, I found the banks unusually green and shady, and in a broad, deep, and long still bend of the stream the game I sought.

"They were lying in their sandy beds among the rank reeds at the river side, and on hearing me galloping over the gravelly shingle, the deposit of some great flood, they plunged into their native stronghold in dire alarm, and commenced blowing, snorting, and uttering a sound very similar to that made by the musical instrument called a serpent. It was a fairish place for an attack, so, divesting myself of my leather trowsers, I ordered my after riders to remain silent, and then crept cautiously forward, determined not to fire a shot until I had thoroughly examined the herd, to see if there was not a bull, and, at all events, to secure, if possible, the very finest head among them.

"The troop consisted of about fourteen hippopotami, ten of them being a little farther down the stream than the other four. Having carefully examined these ten, I made out two decidedly larger than the others. I then crept a little distance up the river behind the reeds, to obtain a view of the four, and saw that they were two enormous old cows, with two large calves beside them. The old ones had exactly the same size of head as the two best cows below. I accordingly chose what I thought the best of these two, and, making a fine shot at the side of her head, at once disabled her. She disappeared for a few seconds, and then came floundering to the surface, swimming round and round, diving and reappearing with a loud splash and a blowing noise, and getting slowly down the river, until I reattacked and finished her, about an hour after, a quarter of a mile farther down. The other sea cows were now greatly alarmed, showing, and that only occasionally, but a small part of their heads. I managed, however, to select one of the three remaining ones, and, making a perfect shot, sent a bullet crashing into her brain; this caused instantaneous death, and she sank to the bottom. I then wounded two more sea cows in the head, both of which I lost: the others were so alarmed and cunning, that it was impossible to do anything with them.

"The one I had first shot was now resting with half her body above water, on a sandbank in the Limpopo, at the mouth of the river Lepalala, which was broad, clear and rapid, and from this position I started her with one bullet in the shoulder and another in the side of the head. This last shot set her in motion, when she commenced struggling in the water in the most extraordinary manner, disappearing for a few seconds and then coming up like a great whale, setting the whole river in a vortex. Presently she took away down the stream, but, returning, I killed her with a shot in the middle of the forehead. This proved a most magnificent specimen of the female hippopotamus. She far surpassed the brightest conceptions I had formed of her, being a larger, a more lively, and in every way a more wonderful and interesting animal than certain writers had led me to expect. On securing this fine sea cow, I immediately cut off her head, and placed it high and dry, and this was a work of considerable difficulty for four men. We left the body in the water, being, of course, unable to do anything with it there, and it was well I secured the head when I did, for next morning the crocodiles had dragged away the carcase.

"The body of the other huge sea cow which I had shot now floated and became stationary within about twenty yards of the opposite bank of the river. I accordingly held down the river to the tail of the pool, where the stream was broad and rapid, and less likely to hold crocodiles, and, although cold and worn out with fatigue, swam across to secure my game. Two of my Hottentots swam over to my assistance; but just as we were going to lay hold of the animal, she became disengaged from the invisible fetters that had held her, a gigantic old tree that some flood had lodged in the bottom of the pool, and floated down the mid lle of the river; when she neared the tail of the pool we swam in, and, inclining her course to shore, stranded her on a fine gravel bank.

"This truly magnificent specimen was about the same size as the first, and apparently older, but her teeth were not quite so thick. Ordering the natives at once to cut off her huge head, and having seen it safely deposited on the bank, along with that of her comrade, I held for my wagons, having to cross the Lepalala to reach them. I was very much knocked up, but most highly gratified at my good fortune in first killing, and then securing, two out of the four best sea cows in a herd of fourteen."

"Private Visits" to French Judges.—Out of the many evils which have grown up in France under the system of administration of justice, we shall, by way of example, only refer to one so monstrous in its character, that we believe our statement of it risks being received in England with an incredulity almost equalling the insensibility which accompanies its daily practice across the Channel. We allude to the system of the parties to suits, civil as well as criminal, paying private visits to the judges to "insense" their private ear with their respective statements. We know a case in which an English visitor of consideration in Paris was told by one whose position demanded attention, that a visit was due to the judge, in a case just pending, in which that person felt an interest, though not a principal. The natural feeling of repugnance to such a suggestion which an English education would create, was manifested, and was met by the remark, that if the suit was worth being won, the indispensable first step towards success must be taken. The visit was accordingly paid, and the judge, in his luxurious apartment, blandly stated that he had already seen the principal on the other side, whom he proposed again to send for, with the view of trying to arrange an unarrangeable matter before it came into court. In fact, not to see the "*President*" and leave cards for the "*conseillors*," would be an act of Quixotism in France equivalent to pleading one's own cause in England. We have been personally assured by one of the ornaments of the French bar—a jurisconsult now high in office, whose peculiar fairness of mind led him to perceive and regret the aberrations of his countrymen—that this system of visiting and priming judges is so completely inrooted in the French system, that a judge who declined to open his house to suitors, was suspected of acting, not from higher, but lower motives than his compeers. Our informant illustrated his conversation by an anecdote which had come under his own cognisance, of a client of rude energy, who was anxious to force the judge to look at some documents the day before the trial, the judge being equally desirous to shirk the interview. In the end the client triumphed, by the means which Mr. Dunne has not found so efficacious in his matrimonial projects—viz.: by absolutely besieging the judicial hearth, and creating such a disturbance that its dignified occupant had to surrender.—*London Saturday Review.*

Ancient Modernisms.—The ancient Aztecs smoked cigarettes and took chocolate after dinner, and the institutions of malt liquor and accommodation bills were not unknown to the early Egyptians (by-the-way, the Jews were the borrowers in those days, for we must allow for reasonable changes.) Sporting public houses have been discovered in Pompeii, with "articles" drawn up on papyrus, in the most indifferent Latin, regulating the condition of events to come off between the Dacian darkey and the Herculaneum slasher. Curling-tongs were evidently used by the Assyrians. The toilet of a Roman lady was not complete without hair pins and rouge.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I appear before you this day to take the solemn oath "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." In entering upon this great office, I most humbly invoke the God of our fathers for wisdom and firmness to execute its high and responsible duties in such a manner as to restore harmony and ancient friendship among the people of the several States, and to preserve our free institutions throughout many generations. Convinced that I owe my election to the inherent love for the Constitution and the Union which still animates the hearts of the American people, let me earnestly ask their powerful support in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetuate these, the richest political blessings which Heaven has ever bestowed upon any nation.

Having determined not to become a candidate for re-election, I shall have no motive to influence my conduct in administering the Government, except the desire, ably and faithfully to serve my country, and to live in the grateful memory of my countrymen. We have recently passed through a Presidential contest in which the passions of our fellow citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of deep and vital importance. But when the people proclaimed their will, the tempest at once subsided, and all was calm. The voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed. Our own country could alone have exhibited so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of man for self-government. What a happy conception, then, was it for Congress to apply this simple rule, "that the will of the majority shall govern" to the settlement of the question of domestic slavery in the territories. Congress is neither "to legislate slavery into any Territory, nor to exclude it therefrom," but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State, it shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their own Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission. A different opinion has arisen in regard to the point of time when the people of a Territory shall decide the question for themselves. This is happily a matter of but little practical importance; besides, it is a judicial question which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever this may be; though it has ever been my individual opinion, that, under the Nebraska Kansas Act, the appropriate period will be when the number of actual residents in the Territory shall justify the formation of a Constitution with a view to its admission as a State into the Union. But be this as it may, it is the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the U. States, to secure to every resident inhabitant the free and independent expression of his opinions by his vote. This sacred right of each individual must be preserved. This being accomplished, nothing can be fairer than to leave the people of a Territory free from all foreign interference, to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. The whole Territorial question being thus settled upon the principle of popular sovereignty—a principle as ancient as free government itself—everything of a practical nature has been decided. No other question remains for adjustment; because all agree that, under the Constitution, slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power, except that of the respective States themselves wherein it exists. May we not, then, hope that the long agitation on this subject is approaching its end, and that the geographical parties to which it has given birth—so much dreaded by the Father of his Country—will speedily become extinct? Most happy will it be for the country when the public mind shall be diverted from this question to others of more pressing and practical importance. Throughout the whole progress of this agitation, which has scarcely known any intermission for more than twenty years, whilst it has been productive of no positive good to any human being, it has been a prolific source of great evils to the master, to the slave, and to the whole country. It has alienated and estranged the people of sister States from each other, and has even seriously endangered the very existence of the Union. Nor has that danger yet entirely ceased. Under our system there is a remedy for all mere political evils in the sound sense and sober judgment of the people. Time is a great corrective. Political subjects which, but a few years ago, excited and exasperated the public mind, have passed away, and are now nearly forgotten. The question of domestic slavery is of far greater importance than of any mere political question, because, should the agitation continue, it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution exists. In that event no form of government, however admirable in itself, however productive of material benefits, can compensate for the loss of peace and domestic security around the family altar. Let every Union loving man, therefore, exert his best influence to suppress this agitation, which, since the recent legislation of Congress, is without any legitimate object. It is an evil omen of the times that men have undertaken to calculate the mere material value of the Union; that reasoned estimates have been presented of the pecuniary profits and local advantages which would result to different States and sections from its dissolution, and of the comparative injuries which such an event would inflict on other States and sections. Even descending to this low and narrow view of the mighty question, all such calculations are at fault—the bare reference to a single consideration will be conclusive on this point. We at present enjoy a free trade throughout our extensive and expanding country such as the world never witnessed. This trade is conducted on railroads and canals on noble rivers and arms of the sea, which bind together the North and the South, the East and the West of our Confederacy. Annihilate this trade, arrest its free progress by the geographical lines of jealous and hostile States, and you destroy the prosperity and onward march of the whole and every part, and involve all in one common ruin. But such considerations, important as they are in themselves, sink into insignificance when we reflect on the terrific evils which would result from disunion to every portion of the confederacy. To the North not more than to the South—to the East not more than to the West. These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel an humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame the most perfect form of Government and Union ever devised by man, will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental, by its example, in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world.

Next in importance to the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union, is the duty of preserving the Government free from the taint or even the suspicion of corruption. Public virtue is the vital spirit of Republics; and history proves that when this has decayed and the love of money has usurped its place, although the forms of free Government may remain for a season, the substance has departed forever.

Our present financial condition is without a parallel in history. No nation has ever before been embarrassed from too large a surplus in its treasury. This almost necessarily gives birth to extravagant legislation. It produces wild schemes of expenditures and begets a race of speculators and jobbers, whose ingenuity is exerted in contriving and promoting expedients to obtain public money. The purity of official agents, whether rightfully or wrongfully, is suspected, and the character of the Government suffers in the estimation of the people. This is in itself a very great evil. The natural mode of relief from this embarrassment is to appropriate the surplus in the treasury to great national objects, for which a clear warrant can be found in the Constitution.

Among these I might mention the extinguishment of the public debt, a reasonable increase of the Navy—which is at present inadequate to the protection of our vast tonnage afloat, now greater than that of any other nation, as well as to the defence of our extensive sea coast. It is beyond all question the principle that no more revenue ought to be collected from the people than the amount necessary to defray the expenses of a wise, economical, and efficient administration of the Government. To reach this point, it was necessary to resort to a modification of the tariff, and this has, I trust, been accomplished in such a manner as to do as little injury as may have been practicable to our domestic manufactures, especially those necessary for the defence of the country. Any discrimination against a particular branch for the purpose of benefitting favored corporations, individuals or interests, would have been unjust to the rest of the community, and inconsistent with that spirit of fairness and equality which ought to govern in the adjustment of a revenue tariff.

But the squandering of the public money sinks into comparative insignificance as a temptation to corruption, when compared with the squandering of the public lands. No nation in the tide of time has ever been blessed with so rich and noble an inheritance as we enjoy in the public lands. In administering this important trust, whilst it may be wise to grant portions of them for the improvement of the remainder, yet we should never forget that it is our cardinal policy to preserve these lands, as much as may be, for actual settlers, and this at moderate prices.

We shall thus not only best promote the prosperity of the new States and Territories by furnishing them a hardy and independent race of honest and industrious citizens, but shall secure homes for our children and our children's children, as well as those exiles from foreign shores, who may seek in this country to improve their condition and to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Such emigrants have done much to promote the growth and prosperity of the country. They have proved faithful both in peace and war. After becoming citizens they are entitled, under the Constitution and Laws, to be placed on perfect equality with native born citizens; and in this character they should ever be kindly recognized. The Federal Constitution is a grant from the States to Congress of certain specific powers, and the question whether this grant should be liberally and strictly construed, has more or less divided political parties from the beginning.

Without entering into the argument, I desire to state, at the commencement of my administration, that long experience and observation have convinced me that a strict construction of the powers of the Government is the only true, as well as the only safe theory of the Constitution. Whenever, in our past history, doubtful powers have been exercised by Congress, these have never failed to produce injuries and unhappy consequences. Many such instances might be adduced, if this were the proper occasion. Neither is it necessary for the public service to strain the language of the Constitution, because all the great and useful powers required for a successful administration of the Government, both in peace and in war, have been granted either in express terms or by the plainest implication.

Whilst deeply convinced of these truths, I yet consider it clear, that, under the war-making power, Congress may appropriate money towards the construction of a military road, when this is absolutely necessary for the defence of any State or Territory of the Union, against foreign invasion. Under the Constitution, Congress has power "to declare war" "to raise and support armies"—"to provide and maintain a navy," and to call forth the militia to "repel invasion." Thus endowed in an ample manner with the war-making power, the corresponding duty is secured that "the United States shall protect each of them (the States) against invasion." Now, is it possible to afford this protection to California and our Pacific possessions except by means of a military road through the Territories of the United States, over which men and ammunitions of war may be speedily transported from the Atlantic States to meet and repel the invader? In the event of a war with a naval power much stronger than our own, we should then have no other available access to the Pacific coast, because such a power would instantly close the route across the Isthmus of Central America. It is impossible to conceive, that whilst the Constitution has expressly required Congress to defend all the States, it should yet deny to them by any fair construction the only possible means by which one of these States can be defended. Beside, the Government, ever since its origin has been in the constant practice of constructing military roads. It might also be wise to consider whether the love for the Union which now animates our fellow citizens on the Pacific coast may not be impaired by our neglect or refusal to provide for them in their remote and isolated condition, the only means by which the power of the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains can reach them in sufficient time to protect them against invasion.

I forbear for the present from expressing an opinion as to the wisest and most economical mode in which the Government can lend its aid in accomplishing this great and necessary work. I believe that many of the difficulties in the way which now appear formidable, will, in a great degree, vanish as soon as the nearest and best route shall have been satisfactorily ascertained. It may be right that on this occasion I should make some brief remarks in regard to our rights and duties as a member of the great family of nations. In our intercourse with them there are some plain principles approved by our own experience from which we should never depart.

We ought to cultivate peace, commerce and friendship with all nations, and this, not merely as the best means of promoting our own material interests, but in a spirit of Christian benevolence towards our fellow-men, wherever their lot may be cast.

Our diplomacy should be direct and frank—neither seeking to obtain more, nor accepting less, than is our due. We ought to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of all nations, and never attempt to interfere in the domestic concerns of any, unless this shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation. To avoid entangling alliances has been a maxim of our policy ever since the days of Washington, and its wisdom no one will attempt to dispute. In short, we ought to do justice in a kindly spirit to all nations, and require justice from them in return.

It is our glory that whilst other nations have extended their dominions by the sword, we have never acquired any territory except by fair purchase, or as in the case of Texas by the voluntary determination of a brave kindred and independent people to blend their destinies with our own. Even our acquisitions from Mexico form no exception. Unwilling to take advantage of the fortune of war against a sister Republic, we purchased these possessions under the treaty of peace, for a sum which was considered at the time, a fair equivalent. Our past history forbids that we should in the future acquire territory, unless this be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honor. Acting on this principle, no nation will have a right to interfere or to complain, if in the progress of events we shall still further extend our possessions. Hitherto in all our acquisitions, the people under the protection of the American flag have enjoyed civil and religious liberty, as well as equal and just laws, and have been contented, prosperous and happy. Their trade with the rest of the world has rapidly increased, and thus every commercial nation has shared largely in their successful progress. I shall now proceed to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, whilst humbly invoking the blessings of Divine Providence on this great people.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

THE Dallas-Clarendon Treaty is generally believed, in reliable quarters, to be dead. Mr. Buchanan, it is believed, is opposed to it in its present shape, and, it is semi-officially whispered, will discountenance any treaty that may be proposed with reference to Central America.

UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE—DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN THE DRED SCOTT CASE.—The opinion of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, was delivered at Washington on March 6th, by Chief Justice Taney. It was a full and elaborate statement of the views of the Court. They have decided the following all important points:—First—That negroes, whether slaves or free, that is, men of the African race, are not citizens of the United States by the Constitution. Second—That the ordinance of 1787 had no independent constitutional force or legal effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and could not operate of itself to confer freedom or citizenship within the North-West Territory, on negroes not citizens by the Constitution. Third, that the provision of the act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it undertook to exclude negro slavery from, and communicate freedom and citizenship to negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana cession, was a Legislative act exceeding the powers of Congress and "void," and of no legal effect to that end. In deciding these main points the Supreme Court determined the following incidental points: First—The expression "Territory and other property" of the Union in the Constitution, applies, in "terms" only, to such territory as the Union possessed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Second—The rights of citizens of the United States, emigrating into any Federal Territory, and the power of the Federal Government, there, depend on the general provisions of the Constitution, which defines in this, as in all other respects, the powers of Congress. Third—As Congress does not possess power itself to make enactments relative to the persons or property of citizens of the United States in Federal Territory, other than such as the Constitution confers, so it cannot constitutionally delegate any such powers to a territorial government organized by it under the Constitution. Fourth—The legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri. As the plaintiff was not a citizen of Missouri, and therefore could not sue in the Courts of the United States, the suit must be dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

Justice Nelson stated the merits of the case, the question being whether or not the removal of Scott from Missouri with his master to Illinois, with a view of temporary residence, worked his emancipation. He maintained that the question depended solely on the law of Missouri, and for that reason the judgment of the Court below should be affirmed.

Justice Catron believed the Supreme Court has jurisdiction to decide the merits of the case. He argued that Congress could not do directly what it could not do indirectly. If it could exclude one species of property it could another. With regard to the territories ceded, Congress could govern them only with the restrictions of the States, which ceded them, and the Missouri Act of 1820, violated the leading features of the Constitution, and was therefore void. He conferred with his brother judges that Scott is a slave, and was so when the suit was brought.

Justice McLean delivered his views, arguing that slavery is limited to the range of the State where established by mere municipal law. If Congress deem slaves or free colored persons injurious to the territory, they have the power to prohibit them from becoming settlers therein. The power to acquire territory carries with it the power to govern it. The master does not carry with him to the territory the law of the State from which he removes—hence the Missouri Compromise is constitutional, and the presumption is in favor of the freedom of Dred Scott and his family, who were free under decisions for the last twenty-eight years.

Justice Curtis dissented from the opinion of the majority of the Court, as delivered by Chief Justice Taney, and gave his reasons for dissenting. He maintained that native born colored persons can be citizens of the State and of the United States; that Dred Scott and his family were free when they returned to Missouri; that the power of Congress to make all needful regulations respecting territory, was not, as the majority of the Court expressed, limited to territory belonging to the United States, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, but has been applied to five subsequent acquisitions of lands; that Congress has power to exclude slavery from the territories, having established eight territorial governments without it, and recognised slavery in six, from the days of Washington to John Quincy Adams.

These opinions occupied five hours in delivery. Justices Wayne, Grier, Campbell and Daniel, had papers expressing their views on certain points of the opinion of the Court, but did not read them.

The Court then adjourned until the time fixed by law.

The Court stands six to three—Judges McLean, Curtis and Grier, (of Penn.) holding the Missouri Compromise to be constitutional.

NOVEL SCHEME OF TAXATION.—Twenty years since, or nearly, the late Mr. Feargus O'Connor was the leader of a great multitude, who, if they had been managed well, might have secured large changes. We remember a long conversation with him upon a plan of direct taxation. His project, although perhaps, like some others, a little Utopian, had method in its madness. He held that tradesmen should be allowed to rate themselves. Every man in business should be considered the best judge of his income, and deemed honest in his statements; *but the general list of names and returns was to be published.* The tax was to be voluntary under the dread of publicity, and while Mr. O'Connor admitted that advantage would accrue to persons of miserly habits from his scheme, he calculated that avarice would be overcome by vanity, and that, upon the whole, the persons who might exaggerate their means would outnumber those who would underrate their possessions.—*Tait's Magazine.*

IMPORTANT IF SO!—Doctor Benjamin Hardridge announces a discovery by which he claims "to liquify quartz rock, to extract the last particle of gold or other metal which that rock may contain, and to hold the rock in the form of liquid in casks and hogsheads ready to be turned back into rock again as it is needed, thus affording a new material for building, cheaper than brick, and as beautiful as precious stones!" He can do this at the rate of fifteen tuns a day! By way of support to this claim, Prof. Girard of the Smithsonian Institue, Prof. Adelberg, and J. E. Schwabe, of New York, Prof. Moffat, late United States Essayist, and others, accompany the announcement of the discoverer with their certificates that his claim is not unfounded, that he can accomplish the wonderful feats which he claims to perform.

A NEW USE OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—The Scientific American, states that a heavy wholesale house in New York, has put up wires and established a direct telegraphic communication with one of the "mercantile agencies" of that city. Every new customer presenting himself is duly endorsed by a favorable report through this medium, before a sale is completed. It has required considerable time, heretofore, to send a clerk in person, but on the improved system, while one partner is showing off the goods, the other retires, clicks a few strokes, and learns—"owns a farm worth $8,000 clear; failed once, five years ago, good"—and returns to assist in bowing and assuring the stranger, that he can have the goods on any terms he chooses.

AN ANCIENT OAK.—An oak tree which was planted at Chatillon sur Seine (Cote d'Or,) in 1070, by a Count of Champagne, France, was struck by lightning last summer. It measured 7½ metres in circumference, and up to 1830 bore acorns.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."—On the 5th February, William Godfrey, Esq., of Pee Dee, S. C., received a letter which had been mailed to him on the 18th January, 1838, at Clio, a Post-Office in Marlboro' District, about twenty miles from the former place. The letter had been 19 years and 18 days on its route, and contained a $20 bill on the Merchants' Bank at Pee Dee, with a request to return the amount in United States Bank bills. So says the Pee Dee Herald.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE United States Senate now stands as follows:—Democrats 35, Republicans 20, Americans 5, vacancies 2.

THE NEW FRENCH POSTAL TREATY.—Judge Campbell and Count Sartiges have signed the New Postal Convention. It will take effect from the first of April. This arrangement reduces the postage to France and the countries with which it has treaties, more than one half of the present rates, and possesses the great advantage of enabling correspondents in the United States to write to any part of Europe without the trouble of redistribution at the great points in England or France.

THE closing scenes of the late Congress were very creditable, as compared with many of its predecessors. There were no personal conflicts and no drunken disorder.

WHAT NEXT?—A New York paper advertises, without a word of rebuke, that a woman, with $25,000, is about to be raffled for in that city.

THE preliminary carriage road across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec was opened on the 8th of January. The contract with the Mexican Government is now fulfilled, and the privileges guaranteed by it are secured. The perfect completion of the road will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and it will probably be opened by the first of June, to the traveling public.

"SPRING IS COMING."—Most of the harbors on Lake Ontario, west of the St. Lawrence, are now open. Hamilton and Toronto, C. W., only partially so.

AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.—A farmer residing near Ogdensburg, New York, ploughed two acres of land on the 18th ult. This is as rare an occurrence as snow in Cuba.

MR. CHARLES MORET.—The widow of this American gentleman, who was shot by a sentinel in the debtor's prison of Clichy, in France, has been presented by the Emperor Napoleon with 500,000 francs, or $94,000. Doctor Chadbourne, of Concord, N. H., father of Mrs. Morey, sailed for Liverpool in the last Boston steamer.

IT seems that the report was true, that Mr. Buchanan himself was among those seriously affected by drinking the cistern water at the National House, Washington, some weeks ago The rats were poisoned with arsenic, and naturally drank, bursted, and died, poisoning the water.

THE product of maple sugar, eastward, this year bids fair to be large, as well from the favorable weather as from the high price to which southern sugar has brought it. The farmers are even now making ready for the flow of sap, and it is altogether probable that a greater quantity of sugar will be made than during many years past

THE forty one camels last imported by the United States Government, have arrived at Indianola, attended by two Turks and five or six Greeks.

THOSE who pay their newspaper postage for a quarter in advance, save one-half. The postage on a weekly newspaper, out of the State in which it is printed, is twenty six cents a year, if paid quarterly in advance. In the State, and out of the county, thirteen cents. In the county free.

WE spend much of our life in making blunders, and a great deal more of it in correcting them.

THE Democratic Convention of this State nominated for Governor, Gen. Packer; for Judge of the Supreme Court, the Hon. Ellis Lewis, present Chief Justice; for Canal Commissioner, Nimrod Strickland.

A PORTABLE horse-power mill has already been invented to press the juice out of the Chinese sugar cane.

MR. BLAND, of New Orleans, has discovered a mode of making hemp from the common cotton stalk, that it is said will enable us to dispense with importations of foreign hemps.

A WEALTHY and quite pretty Jewess, of 18 summers, was clandestinely married to an admiring Gentile, at Albany, last Wednesday. Her father kept her under close guard, fearing such a result.

A MISTAKE.—Mr. Thomas Rae, of Toronto, C. W., brother of Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller, contradicts the report that his brother is about to resume the search for further traces of Sir John Franklin's party. He says, the doctor's intended voyage to the Arctic regions, is for the purpose of completing the survey of that part of the coast of America as yet unexplored. He also states that no further expedition will be sent out by the Government, to prosecute a further search.

As a couple from Marton were being married at the parish church of Poulton-le-Fyde, on Wednesday week, the bridegroom, instead of saying "I will," when asked by the clergyman if he would love, comfort and honor his chosen spouse, pertly replied, "I'll do my best." The minister severely reprimanded the man for his levity, and threatened to stop the ceremony; but an apology induced him to make the couple "one flesh."

A GENTLEMAN on a tour through the west of England happened to be at a very populous town on a Sunday, and being acquainted with the minister, he accompanied him to the church, which, to his great surprise, was very thinly attended. As they were returning home he asked his friend if there were many dissenters in the town. "No," said the other, "but there are numerous *absenters.*"

THE garotte is applied in Russia "with a difference." Two men hire a sledge in St. Petersburgh at a late hour in the evening, and give the word for some place in the suburbs. One of them, in a convenient locality, throws a noose over the driver's head, and garottes him. He is then made to deliver up the receipts of the day. This crime has been practised upon scores of victims.

A BAD tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very bad chronic cough, and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep the court quiet, at length angrily told the offending gentleman that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing, when he was met with the reply, "I will give your lordship £200 if you will stop it for me."

A JOKE is current in the Garrick Club, about Thackeray and his lectures. A friend met the novelist in the club, and congratulating him on the success of his lectures, said, "They are very good; very good, indeed. Some parts rather slow, and there I think you wanted a *piano.*" Thackeray looked sparks through his spectacles.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE has declared his intention to make a Southern tour before returning to New Hampshire.

THE State Senate of Rhode Island has refused to restore capital punishment, except in cases of murder committed in the State prison.

LARGE BEAR KILLED.—A bear, weighing 417 pounds, was killed after a chase and running fight, which lasted ten hours, and cost the lives of three dogs, near Amissville, Va., a few days ago.

"THE DREAD OF SOMETHING AFTER DEATH."—It is stated that an unfortunate fellow in New York, who had resolved upon suicide, has since given up the idea from the fear that Coroner Connery would hold an inquest upon his body.

HORRIBLE SUPERSTITION.—A late French paper states that a farm-laborer, named Vautrin, in the Commune of Heuilley le Grand, District of the Haute Marne, was recently condemned to death for the murder of a baby eleven months old, whose head he had hacked off, under the popular delusion that a lantern, made of the infant's skull, would render the carrier of it invisible!

OPPOSITION TO THE "THUNDERER."—The London Atlas says that the National Newspaper League Company, whose object is the publication of a first class daily journal, to be called "The Dial," has already disposed of shares to the amount of between £20,000 and £30,000.

THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN, one of the greatest of German scholars, is engaged at Heidelberg upon a new translation of the Bible, for the people, with a complete commentary, two volumes of which will appear this year, together with an introductory philosophical work, entitled, "God in History." The first volume of this work has already appeared, and is said to be creating a great sensation. It is being translated by Miss Winkworth.

NEW TERRIBLE WAR AGENT.

By a somewhat recent decision of the Lord Chancellor, permission was granted for the completion of Mr. Macintosh's patent for a new method of carrying on offensive and defensive wars, a grant which was opposed during the recent war by the Board of Ordnance, at the instance of Lord Panmure, on the ground that the publication of the invention might lead to the employment of it against us by the Russians. It will be recollected that during the war, rumors were abroad that the Government had in contemplation the introduction into the army and navy of some terrible agent, and its use on a large scale against the Russian fortresses. As the official publication of the invention will take place in the course of a few weeks, no reason now exists for delay in making it known.

The invention consists in methods of facilitating attack on stronghold batteries on shore, and on fleets, dock-yards, harbors, towns and other objects, and in methods of defence against the approach of an enemy. When it is desired to attack fortresses from seaward, the inventor generates by chemical means an artificial, dense, and dark fog, or atmosphere, capable of being prolonged at pleasure in front of the batteries or forts to be attacked, the result of which fog is to drive the enemy from their guns, and enable the attacking vessels to approach the enemy's works, and take up the positions necessary for pouring in their broadsides, unmolested by any hostile fire.

In order to carry out the invention, he takes coal-tar naptha, alone or in combination with other materials, and causes the same to be conveyed to a hostile stronghold, naval battery, or fort, by the following means: In attacking the sea-faces of such strongholds or fortifications as Cronstadt, Malta, or Sebastopol, where there is scarcely any tide, but a sufficient depth of water, he freights with the before-mentioned materials submarine steam vessels, or vessels rendered shot proof, having iron compartments or tanks, specially adapted for containing the same, and despatches them to the enemy's works, in front of which, by means of pumps, hose, and suitable outlets, a sufficient quantity of the composition is discharged upon the surface of the water surrounding or bordering the fort or battery. He then places a ball of potassium in the entrance of the tube or hose, by means of suitable cocks or taps, and renews the pumping, so as to force the ball of potassium through the tube into the water, when, by its great affinity for oxygen, it will immediately take fire on rising to the surface, and inflame the entire quantity of composition previously transmitted. The consequence is the formation of a dense, black, suffocating fog or vapor, which envelops the fort or battery, rushing into the casemates or embrasures, and driving away the gunners and all engaged therein. He keeps up the supply of the composition for a sufficient period, so that the attacking vessels can approach near enough to destroy the enemy's works, already rendered untenable and incapable of resistance. Fortresses such as the above-named are to be rendered harmless by this process, and destroyed without loss of life to the attacking vessels.

Another mode adopted by the inventor is as follows (it being understood that the operations take place from a vessel appointed for the purpose among those about to attack the fort or battery):—He takes a hose or tube of suitable material, rendered impervious to the action of naptha, and coils or winds it upon a drum, or disposes it in any other suitably compact form capable of being paid out from a shot-proof steam vessel, in which it is placed.—One end of the tube or hose being retained in the vessel from which the operation is to take place, the shot proof steam vessel proceeds to the enemy's fort or battery, paying out the tube or hose as it progresses. When the tube is thus conveyed sufficiently near to the hostile fort or battery, its extremity is sunk to a suitable depth by means of weights and cords, which secure it from change of position, and the vessel returns to a situation of safety, while by means of a force-pump, the operators cause the composition or mixture before named to flow from the vessel appointed for the service through the tube. The consequence is, that the composition issues from the end of the tube in close contiguity to the enemy's fort or battery, and by its less specific gravity rises to the surface of the water, whereon it floats. The ball of potassium is in due course to be transmitted, in order to inflame the whole, as before described, and the supply is continued as long as desired.

A PRACTICAL JOKER PUNISHED.—Some very funny fellow, on a train of cars on the Wabash Valley Railroad, recently thrust a red hot poker into the hand of the conductor, which was extended for his ticket, burning it horribly. A brakeman soundly thrashed a portion of the fun out of the fellow, and he was then kicked into the gutter at the side of the track, and left to his reflections.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 9.

650 Cattle arrived at Lowrie's Avenue Drove Yard during the week; 60 head Virginia Cattle, fine quality, sold by Abraham; prices from $11 to $11½ ₱ 100 lbs; 60 head Ohio Cattle, fair quality, sold by Eckman, prices from $10 to $11 ₱ 100 lbs; 50 head Lancaster county Cattle, sold by Adam Kendenich, at $10 to $11½ ₱ 100; 30 head do do, fair quality, sold by Franklin Clark, at from $10 to $11½ ₱ 100 lbs; 40 head Ohio do, sold by Car & Co., ordinary quality, from $9 to $11 ₱ 100 lbs; 20 Chester county do, sold by Shelby, at from $10 to $11½ ₱ 100 lbs; 200 Cattle in different lots, sold at from $9 to $11, 50 head unsold. Markets rather dull at the above prices. 250 head of Horses, arrived during the week, selling slowly at good prices. 90 Cows and Calves arrived; prices for Fresh Cows and Calves, from $25 to $50; Dry, from $20 to $30 ₱ head; 4000 Sheep arrived—selling brisk, at from 10 to 10c, dressed.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'62 110	—
" "	'67 116¾	—
" "	'68 116¾	—
" "	'85 106¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct	88½	90
" " new	90	95½
" 5 "	—	—
Cato City 6 pr ct	96	95
Pitts 6 pr ct	74	75
" " coupon	74½	75
All'ny city 6 pr ct	93	94
" county "	84½	86
Allegh RR 6's	85	87
Penn " 5 "	85	86
" " " coupon	89	89½
Penn 6 pr ct	96	97
" " coupon	96½	97
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102½	103
Penn RR 6 pr ct	97¾	98
20 m'rt loan '63	89	90¾
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	98	99
P G & N RR "	90	94
Reading RR "	89½	91
" int'l "	84	89
R & Lan RR "	90	91
P & NRR "	70	75
Cha Val RR "	38	40
Tiogs RR "	80	84
Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct	85	86½
Leng I RR "	69	70
Sch Nav '82 "	69½	70
Lehigh Nav "	91½	92
Mort "	92	94
C & D Cl "	70	75
Sus & Tid '78"	58½	60
Union Canal	65½	66
Will'ms & Elmira 1st mort 7 3-10 ct	71	72
" 2d " "	64½	65½
Catawissa " "	54	55½
North Penns 6 pr ct.	61½	61½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	127½	127½
Penna	46½	48½
Bel Meadow	57½	57½
North Penns	14	14½

	Bid.	Asked.
Phil Ger & Nor	65½	66
Reading	49½	49½
" preferred	44½	45
Minehill	64	64½
Har & Lan	58	58½
Chester Valley	5½	6
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	23	—
P W & Balt	54½	55
Long Island	13½	13½
Wil'sport & Elmira	19	20
Catawissa	11½	11½
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sharp Nav	17	17½
" preferred	28½	29
Lehigh Nav	73¾	74
Morris	15½	16½
" preferred	94	95
C & Del	—	75
Union	12½	13
Sus & Tidewater	8½	9
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	155	155½
Penna	132	132½
Philada	120½	125
Far & Mec	65½	65½
Commercial	51½	52
N Liberty	85	85
Mechanics	29½	30
Southwark	80	85
P Township	53½	60
Kensington	68	70
Girard	11½	11½
Western	—	29
Man & Mech	30	31½
Commerce	70	72
Tradesman's	67	—
City	53	55½
Consolidation	29½	30
Pittsburg	60	—
M & M Pitts	61	—
Exch Pitts	60	—
Kentucky	118	—
Northern, Ky	116	120
Louisville, Ky	110	112
Farmers, Ky	112	112
Union, Nash Tenn	100½	—
Plant's, Tenn	101	—
Com & R Vick	54	61
N O Gas Lt	120	130

NEW YORK MARKET.

March 9—Noon—FLOUR—Is heavy at a decline of 5 cts ₱ bbl for State and Southern. Sales of 7500 bbls at $6,25a 6,30 ₱ bbl for State, and $6,85a6,85 for Southern. Wheat is firm. Sales of 2000 bushels. Corn is unsettled, with sales of 30,000 bushels. Pork is buoyant. Beef and Pork are firm.

March 3.—HOPS—Prime qualities to be held with great confidence; we quote at 11c, which is the highest point any cash sales have been made to our knowledge. Ordinary quality is dull at 7a9c. Good Hops sell at 10c. Old are dull and nominal.

COTTON—The market is quiet, the decline on the Persia's news is 1c. The sales to day are reported at 2000 bales

NEW YORK QUOTATIONS.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex
Ordinary.	12	12	12	12
Middling.	13½	13½	13½	14
Middling Fair.	14½	14½	14½	14½
Fair.	14½	14½	15	15½

COFFEE—A moderate business is doing and prices retain their firmness. The sales include 1520 bags Rio at Ballicta, and 500 mats Java at 15 cts.

SUGAR—Only a moderate demand prevailed to day. Prices are rather heavy; sales of 20 hhds Porto Rico at 10, cts, and 36 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 9a10¼ cts.

MOLASSES Continues dull and inclines to heaviness. The sales are 120 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 47a50c.

HIDES—Continue to show an upward tendency, with a fair inquiry. The stock numbers 38,000, of which 25,000 are Orinoco.

LEATHER—The business to-day has not been extensive, though fair; the receipts of Hemlock and Oak are larger, and the stock slowly accumulates. Extreme quotations are now realized. French Calf Skins are firm and moderately active.

WHISKEY—The demand is fair and with large arrivals, prices are steady. Sales of 200 bbls at 27c for Ohio and Prison.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
March 9, 1857.

Bark continues in demand. Breadstuffs dull. Very little doing in Coal. Cotton has been in good request. In Groceries there is not much doing. Fish scarce. There is a steady business doing in Western fruit. Hemp and Hides unchanged. The iron market has undergone no change, but in Pig Metal there has been rather more doing. The Provision Market continues excited. Teas, Tobacco, and Wool are advancing.

BREADSTUFFS—The sales of Flour reach some 12,000 bbls for export, at $6,25a6,37½ for standard superfine; bottle brands at $6,50. Western extra at $6,45, round Pennsylvania do at $6,62½a6,75, and Brandywine at $7 ₱ bbl. The demand for home use has been rather more active within the above range of prices, for common brands and extra, and $7 25a7,50 and $8 ₱ bbl for fancy lots, according to quality.—Rye Flour is nominally held at $4,75 ₱ bbl. Penna Corn Meal is held at $5 for strictly fresh ground, and Brandywine at $4,75 for the higher grades.

Sales of Wheat reach 25,000 bus at 143a145c, mostly at 146 147c, for good and prime reds, and 160a163c for white, as to quality, the latter for very handsome. Rye is steady at 81 82c for Penna, and 80c for Southern; about 50,000 bus have been taken at 58a59c for damp Southern and Penna Yellow Corn at 60c for dry into afloat, 63c for old Penna Yellow in store and 64c for new, including forty cars new white at 63a65c, as to quality. Oats are scarce at 43a45c for Southern, and 46c for Penna. Sales of Barley Malt are reported at 120a135c, as the market is quiet.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is quoted at $20a24; a sale of 100 bbls extra having been made at the latter rate, on time.—Beef, sales of City Packed at $10a10 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon, 12 lbs for Hams, the latter for fancy new sugar cured; for old sides now held higher, and 9c for Shoulders. Shoulders are quoted at 8a8½c. Sides 10

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On March 2nd, Mr. Dodge presented the credentials of Mr. Doolittle, and Mr. Cass those of Mr. Bright—the former elected Senator from Wisconsin, and the latter from Indiana, for six years from the 4th of March.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the resolution from the Committee on the Judiciary, providing for taking testimony relative to the contested seat of Mr. Fitch of Indiana. After debate, the resolution was tabled.

The Army Appropriation Bill was then taken up. Mr. Toombs submitted an amendment to give Lieutenant-General Scott the arrears of pay he claims, and which Secretary Davis refused to allow. Messrs. Cass and Clay opposed, and Mr. Toombs advocated it. It was adopted by five majority, and after other amendments, the bill was passed.

The Senate took up and passed the House Post-Route Bill.

Mr. Hunter made report from the Committee of Conference on the Tariff Bill. After some discussion the report was agreed to—yeas 33; nays, Messrs. Allen, Brodhead, Collamer, Foot, Geyer, James, Wade and Wright—8.

On March 3rd, the Fortification Bill, and a bill for the construction of a Penitentiary in Nebraska and one in Kansas, as well as the Navy Appropriation Bill, were passed.

Mr. Weller presented a communication from the Vice President elect, accepting the office, and promising to try and fulfil its duties.

The Civil Appropriation Bill was debated and passed. One of the amendments appropriates $75,000 for the collection of agricultural statistics and the distribution of seeds from the Patent Office, and $3,500 to enable the Commissioner to collect information respecting the consumption of cotton in all parts of the world.

Amendments were also adopted appropriating a million of dollars to the continuation of the Washington Aqueduct, and half a million to the construction of the dome of the Capitol.

During the evening session, a number of private bills were passed. The Senate and House continued in session all night.

On March 4th, the Civil and the Deficiency Appropriation Bills were disposed of through Committees of Conference.

Several private bills passed, and also bills providing the construction of military roads in Washington and Nebraska Territories.

The galleries were densely crowded with ladies waiting to see the preliminaries to the Inauguration ceremonies. The President pro tem pronounced a brief valedictory before adjournment.

The Senate re-assembled in Extra Session at twelve o'clock, when the oath was administered to Mr. Mason, by Mr. Pearce, and the former was chosen President, pro tem.

Messrs. Bayard, Bright, Broderick, Cameron, Chandler, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Hamlin, Kennedy, King, Mallory, Polk, Rusk, Sumner, Thompson, of New Jersey, and Wade, were qualified.

The Vice President elect soon after came in, and the oath was administered to him, when he made a few appropriate remarks.

At 1 o'clock ex-President Pierce and the President elect entered the Chamber, and proceeded, with the Senate, the Supreme Court, Foreign Ministers, and others, to the east front of the Capitol, where the Inauguration ceremonies were conducted.

On March 5th, in an Extra Session of the Senate, Mr. Foot, the Senator from Vermont, took the oath of office, and occupied his seat.

An appointed Committee reported that the President would send a communication to the Senate on Friday.

...arious resolutions were laid over. A resolution to ...nal the Standing Committees, assigning seven mem...the most important, and five to the others, was ...opted.

On March 6th, the petition of certain British subjects praying Congress to refuse its sanction to any Convention with Great Britain founded on the declaration at Paris, was presented, and tabled.

Mr. Bigler presented the protest of forty-four members of the House of Representatives, and the protest of fifteen members of the Senate of Pennsylvania, against the proceedings under which Simon Cameron claims to represent that State in the Senate.

Mr. Yulee presented the credentials of Mr. Mallory, elected a Senator from Florida, for six years from the 4th of March.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and soon after adjourned to Wednesday.

On March 2nd, in the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Mr. Mace reported a bill establishing many post routes in the United States and Territories, which was passed.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, a bill to deposit the surplus revenue, ...ing two millions, with the several States, to ...e refunded when the public exigencies require. The ...ill passed—yeas 119, nays 79.

The House passed the bill authorizing the Secretary of War to contract for the removal of obstructions in the Mississippi River, from the Balize to the Des Moines ...apids, at the rate of $200,000 per annum for five ...

... Campbell, of Ohio, from the Committee on Conference, on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the Tariff Bill, made report. He said this question ought to be withdrawn from the party politics of the country, and however objectionable the report might be, should be borne in mind that it had been unanimously agreed to, by the members composing the conference. ... was authorized to say that not one of them was entirely satisfied with it. But concessions were made, as necessarily they must be under such circumstances, in order to carry any measure. He enumerated the reductions that had been made in the various schedules. He ...ld the aggregate reduction would be about $14,000,000, ...nd he was satisfied this bill would give relief to the country, and stimulate and strengthen the arm of American industry. They had treated iron, sugar, hemp and ...ad on a principle of equality, reducing all alike.

Mr. Campbell, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay the bill on the table. Lost—yeas 69, nays 126.

Messrs. Purviance, Kunkel, Robison, Todd, Edie and others, made ineffectual motions with a view to defeat action on the bill.

After further debate, the report of the Committee of ...onference was agreed to—yeas 124, nays 71.

Much confusion prevailed throughout these proceedings.

The Senate Bill, granting lands to Minnesota for railroads, was taken up, and, after being amended so as to ...ve lands to Alabama for a similar purpose, passed.

On March 3d, the House concurred in the Senate's ...mendment to the Post-Office appropriations for the establishment of a semi-monthly, weekly, or semi-weekly ...etter mail from the Mississippi to San Francisco.

The House took up and passed the Senate Bill per...fecting the home valuation principle in the Tariff Act of ...48.

On motion, 100,000 copies of the Agricultural Report ... the Commissioner of Patents was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Florence, from the Joint Committee appointed to wait on the Hon. James Buchanan and Hon. John C. Breckinridge, and inform them of their election to the ...fices of President and Vice President of the United ...tates, reported that they had performed that duty, and ...hat the offices had been severally accepted.

Various bills and resolutions, principally of a private ...haracter, were considered and passed, including those ...iving the usual extra compensation to the employees of ... House, and increasing the pay of the West Point ...dets to $30 per month.

Evening Session.—A report from the Committee on the ...udiciary was adopted, declaring that the pay of mem...rs of the House elected to fill vacancies shall commence from the time their predecessors ceased to be members.

The Senate bill dividing Missouri into two Judicial districts was passed, and also the Senate bill, confirming ...o the several States the swamp and overflowed lands ...elected under the acts of 1849 and 1850.

On March 4th, the House passed the joint resolution ...om the Senate, directing appropriate medals to be presented to Dr Kane and his Arctic companions, as a testimony of the high estimation in which Congress hold ...eir merits and services.

Mr Aiken of S. C., offered a resolution that the thanks ... the House are due, and are hereby tendered to Mr. ...thaniel P. Banks, for the able, impartial and dignified ...anner in which he has discharged the duties during ...e present Congress.

Messrs. Craige, Wheeler and others, objected to the ...ception of the resolution.

The Speaker, *pro tem.*, (Mr. Haven,) decided that the ...olution was a question of privilege.

Mr. McMullin was opposed to the resolution, and as ...ne of the representatives from Virginia, entered his ...emn protest against it.

Mr. Seward of Georgia said he came from the State of ...orgia, which occupies as proud a position as Virginia, ...any other State. He came here with all his Southern prejudices against the occupant of the Chair. He had witnessed his conduct closely, and scrutinized it at every step, and must say that he had seen as much fairness in Mr Banks as in the occupant of the chair of any legislative body elsewhere. He took pleasure, coming from the South, as he did, and differing from the occupant of the chair, to vote for the resolution and raise his voice in doing justice to a political adversary. (Great confusion.)

After an excited scene of appeals and motions, the resolution was adopted—yeas 119, nays 29.

The House, amid deafening confusion, passed several compensation resolutions and bills. Other business was attempted by fifty or more members.

The Speaker, near 12 o'clock, resumed the Chair, and at that hour delivered a brief address in acknowledgment of the honor bestowed upon him, and wishing all the members a safe return to their homes. He then declared the House adjourned *sine die*.

DR. KANE'S DOG.—The Arctic dog brought home by Dr. Kane, has strayed away off in Allegheny. He has become the property of James McArthur, timber dealer in Oramel.—The recently intense cold weather has kept this large, black, shaggy animal in high spirits.—When they take him into the forest among the timber-hewers, where he can do no harm, and remove his muzzle, he cuts all sorts of pranks, seeking the deepest drifts, and actually burying himself for delight; you can see the dry snow move, but no semblance of a dog, till on a sudden out he pops, giving his hairy fleece a tremendous shake, and away he runs for another dive. Mr. McArthur calls him "Es-ki-mo," (Esquimaux) not a very smooth name, but characteristic. To look "Esk" fair in the face, you see almost a likeness of a black bear, though his eyes are rather languid. His long, soft, shaggy covering is nearly equal in bulk to his body. When left to run at large in the village, he wears a muzzle to prevent his destroying the pigs and chickens.—*Newark Advertiser.*

A CANADA BISHOP'S IDEA OF A "CRUEL INDISCRETION."—The Toledo Weekly Messenger says, that Rev. T. Creen, Rector of St. Marks, in Niagara, C. W., was some weeks since suspended for life, for adultery with one of his parishioners. The sentence of Bishop Strachan, of Toronto, was, that he should be suspended, but should keep his title of rector till January following, and then retire from the episcopacy on a life pension of $400 a year! The rector's assistant, Rev. Mr. Reynolds, refused to be present at Mr. Creen's service of communion, and gave as a reason for it the adulterous and drunken life of the rector. The scandal thus became public. Bishop Strachan had to take notice of it—a trial was ordered—Creen was ungowned, yet pensioned, while poor Reynolds was adjudged guilty of "a cruel indiscretion," as the Bishop expresses it, and has been indefinitely suspended from clerical duty!

PAYING TO SUPPORT ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.—A novel and strange case of alimony has just been decided at Louisville, Ky. A man named Ferguson separated from his wife, and she sued for alimony. A settlement was made, he agreeing to pay $500 a year during her life. Subsequently, the parties were divorced, and neither party was restricted from marrying again—the husband relying upon the religious faith of his wife (she being a Catholic,) to prevent her from taking another husband. She did marry, however, and Mr. Ferguson thereupon stopped the supplies. He didn't relish the idea of feeding and clothing another man's wife, without deriving some little benefit from the outlay. A suit was brought to compel the payment of the five hundred dollars per annum, and it was decided in favor of the wife.

THE COST OF RATS.—An eminent English agricultural writer estimates that every rat eats and destroys, on an average, one pint of grain, or its equivalent in other food, per week. A farmer who has been troubled with this species of vermin, calculates that, on an average, every farmer in Pennsylvania (taking the State as a sample) supports ten rats on his premises. Ten rats at a pint each per week, would consume eight bushels of grain, per year; or, taking 150,000 as the number of farms in the State, one million two hundred thousand bushels annually, to support the farm rats of Pennsylvania.

EXPENSES OF PREACHING.—The following estimate has been made of the probable amount which it costs the individual members of the different churches in the United States to sustain their respective churches. The estimate is founded upon the last United States Census. A Baptist or Methodist three dollars and forty cents; a Presbyterian seven dollars; a Congregationalist ten dollars; a Roman Catholic fourteen dollars; an Episcopalian eighteen dollars; a Reformed Dutch twenty-two dollars; a Unitarian twenty-three dollars.

THE BURDELL MURDER.—Application for papers of administration on the estate of Dr. Burdell, has been made in the Surrogate's Court, in New York. The only item of interest which the proceedings developed, was the declaration, under oath, of the Rev. Mr. Marvine that Mr. Eckel was not the man he married to Mrs. Cunningham, and that he was confident from the moment he saw Eckel that Burdell was the man.

THE THREE RULING POWERS OF THE DAY.—At a late public meeting, the following "dry" *toast* was given. The author will get "buttered" when he reaches home:

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THE VERY LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.—President Buchanan, after the delivery of his Inaugural Address, and in conversation with a distinguished gentleman, that he omitted, from a sense of delicacy, to make mention of one fact, to wit: that he never had more complete satisfaction afforded him by anything than the garments he had obtained at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

From Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

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☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

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ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct4-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Peters, EDWARD M. WORKLEY, Esq., of Lexington, Indiana, to Miss ELIZABETH LARSEN, of this city, Baltimore and Lexington papers please copy.

In Philadelphia, on St. Patrick's Eve, the 16th inst., by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of Mayor VAUX, WILLIAM P. BEALE, of West Marlborough, Chester county, to SARAH A. GREVES, of Kennett Square, Lancaster county.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. C. P. Turner, Mr. SETH FULLER, of Montgomery county, to HENRIETTA HAINES, dau. of Philadelphia.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. JOSEPH L. HANNA, to Miss ELIZABETH A. RUNYAN, daughter of Mr. John Runyan, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. SAMUEL D. DANIEL, to Miss JANE A. MURPHY, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. DAVID N. DEVEAUX, to Miss MARY S. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by Elder Thomas Tarr, Mr. BENJAMIN ASHTON, to Miss ANN M. PEGRINE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN A. BLAIR, to Miss ANN E. REES.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry Brown, Mr. SYLVESTER BOYFIELD, to Miss SALLIE C. McELLOY, both of Beverly, N. J.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. JOSEPH B. HEDDINAN, to Miss ELIZABETH A. PATTERSON, all of Frankford.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Clarke Loudon, Mr. MATTHEW MILLS, to Miss CAROLINE GREEN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. DAVID C. WALTON, to MARTHA A. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES VANSCIVER, of New Jersey, to Mrs. ELIZABETH W. WOLF, of this city.

On the 26th of June last, by the Rev. Thomas Ferris, Mr. JOHN R. READ, to Miss KATE WEINTRAUBEN, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John H. Dales, D. D., Mr. CHARLES M. HOPKINS, to Mrs. ELIZA HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. ISAIAH DAVIS, to Miss ANNIE, daughter of Rich. S. Ridgway, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of March, at the residence of his son, in Smyrna, Delaware, of paralysis, JOHN DENNIS, of Sackelly, Alleghany county, Pa., in the 76th year of his age. Pittsburg papers please copy.

On the 3d instant, JOHN CHESTY, aged 76 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARGARET, wife of D. H. Carpenter, aged 57 years.

On the 4th instant, ADAM C., son of Chas. and the late Isabella Gwynn, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 2d instant, HENRY ECKEL, son of John and Kate Gill, aged 2 years.

On the 3d instant, ELLEN J. HEINE, aged 15 years and 7 months.

On the 4th instant, REBECCA F. SMITH, daughter of Edw. Meath, aged 23 years.

On the 4th instant, Miss ALICE K. HARTLEY.

On the 3d instant, MARY ANN, daughter of Jos. and Mary A. Robinson, aged 4 years and 9 months.

On the 3d instant, RACHEL BARDSLEY, aged 38 years.

On the 4th instant, GEORGE C. BEAM, aged 2 years and 2 months.

On the 2d instant, Miss ELIZABETH EDWARDS, aged 23.

On the 4th instant, MARGARET MCCAULIFF, aged 14 years.

On the 2d instant, at Germantown, HUMPHREY ATHERTON, aged 36 years.

On the 3d instant, MERCY A. COOPER, formerly Mercy A. Heaven, aged 71 years.

On the 2d instant, CHARLES HINCKLE, aged 47 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. SARAH WOLF, aged 82 years.

On the 2d instant, CLARA, daughter of James and Margaret Campbell, aged 8 years.

On the 1st instant, MARGARET HICKEY, aged 10 years and 5 months.

On the 3d instant, JAMES MCLAUGHLEY, aged 29 years.

On the 3d instant, JOSEPH, son of John and Theresa Barrett, aged 3 years.

On the 2d instant, GEORGIA AUGUSTA, daughter of Augustus and Elizabeth A. Suyer, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 2d instant, CHARLOTTE FRANKLIN, daughter of J. Howell and Charlotte F. Pratt, aged 4 years.

On the 2d instant, MARGARET BIRD, wife of Wm. Sketchley, aged 37 years and 3 months.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM GLEASON, aged 66 years.

On the 26th ultimo, SARAH, consort of John Hoskins, Esq. aged 75 years.

On the 28th ultimo, MARY COOK, aged 27 years.

On the 1st instant, ANN C. daughter of Chas. and Elizabeth Carty, aged 2 years.

On the 1st instant, MARY ANN, daughter of Wm. and Winifred Kelly, aged 19 years.

In Norristown, on the 27th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES J. NEELD, aged 35 years.

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A SCENE IN NEW YORK.

The following narrative is given in an article in a Parisian paper, treating of the gradual extinction of savage life upon this continent:—

The office of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, the French paper in New York, is thronged every day, with Indians, who come to ask for admission into civilized life.

One day there entered a Comanche. The tribe of Comanches is the most warlike in America.

"Pale-face!" said the Indian, "are you the editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis?*"

"Yes," said the pale-face, seizing a chair to hold as a rampart between him and his visitor till the latter should declare his intentions.

The Comanche smiled.

"Lower your weapon," said he, "I come to smoke with you the calumet of peace. Henceforth, I follow the war path no more. I am weary of winter hunts in Arkansas and summer ravagings in Texas. I would prefer to brush your boots for a living. Stand aside! Let me pass into your dressing room to wash off my war paint. I will leave my tomahawk, meantime, on your table."

So saying he passed into the editor's private apartment.

Enter a Cherokee.

"Pale face!" he said, "are you the editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis?*"

"Red-face, I am!"

"Ah, I have often read your brilliant articles while reposing, in the midst of the prairies, after my hunt for the grizzly bear and the bison! The reading of your paper has converted me. I come to you, as a friend, to undertake my civilization."

"Friend from the wilderness, I will!"

"Thank you! And as a pledge of my good intentions, here is my collection of scalps, which, in various late encounters, I have taken from the heads of my enemies. One—that is quite fresh, you see—I have just taken, as I came up stairs, from your office-clerk below."

"What! How? Why, red-face, you don't mean to say you have scalped my head-clerk?"

"Of course I have. He sounded the war-whoop by refusing to let me come unannounced to your presence. It was my duty to the honor of my tribe, to scalp him for such an insult."

"Oh, red-face!—to scalp a man is to wrong him!"

"Ah! ah!—unless he is your enemy! But criticise no more my manners, till you have civilized me. From to-day, I will cease scalping and brush your boots for my living."

The Cherokee stood aside, and enter a Delaware, an Apache, a Black foot, a Pierce-nose, and a Sioux.

All brought bear-skins, war-clubs, scalps and bows and arrows, and, in their various dialects they cried:—

"Civilize us, and we will brush your boots!"

And suddenly, with one thought, they precipitated themselves upon the boots of the editor, and fought for the possession of them with such fury, that they were soon all dead upon the floor!

[Whether the above "terrible tragedy" is to be Coroner Connery'ed, whether a photograph likeness of the scalped office-clerk is to be in all the flash papers, and whether the editor of the *Courrier* is now in prison, waiting to be summoned as a witness, of course the Parisian writer of the article did not know.]

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—A lady, whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and carbuncle nose, consulted Dr. Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass, she exclaimed, "Where, in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a nose as this?" "Out of the decanter, madam; out of the decanter," replied the doctor. Dr. Thompson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things—viz.: the slovenliness of his person, and his dislike to muffins, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the doctor, "take away the *ragamuffins*." It is stated that Sir Richard Jebb was very rough and harsh in his manner. He once observed to a patient to whom he had been very rude, "Sir, it is my way." "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make that your way." Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A paviour, after long and fruitless attempts to get his accounts settled, caught Dr. R. just getting out of his chariot, at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the paviour, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides." "You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid."

EXPERIENCE TEACHING "FULES."—The following conversation between two pitmen was overheard, says the Gateshead Observer, not long ago, by a gentleman in the southern part of this county:

"Aw say, Georg e, man, aw heer thou's been makin' a fule o' theesel."

"Ay, man, auve gotten a wife."

"Why, didst know auve dun that same thing mesel'? What kind o' body hast thou gotten?"

"A parfect deeval, man—a parfect deeval."

"Smash me, man!—au wish mine wur nae warse than that."

"Warse than that!" responded Georgie, "how can she be warse than that? Isn't Beelzebube the warst crittur a man cood have for an akwentence i' this world?"

"Nought o' the kind, man—nought o' the kind. Disn't thou knaw what the Bible says (and thou knawst it cannot be wrong)? It says 'Resist the deeval, and he'll flee from you;' but bless thy soul, simple lad—if ye resist my wife, she'll flee right at ye!"—*English Paper.*

☞ A witty fellow slipped down on an icy pavement. While sitting, he muttered, "I have no desire to see the town burned down, but I sincerely wish the streets were laid in ashes."

POLITICIANS AND FARMERS.—Politicians who want an office frequently make great pretensions to agricultural knowledge, and figure largely at the cattle shows. It is said that Gov. —— is one of this sort of "farmers," and in illustration thereof the following good stories are related:

Not many springs ago, his excellency, in company with another distinguished citizen of ——, was riding in the country. In passing a beautiful field of grain, just beginning to head, the Governor reined up his horse and burst into rapturous admiration of the wheat.

Quoth Ned—"Governor, how much will that wheat yield to the acre?"

"Oh, from seventeen to twenty bushels."

"What kind of seed is that from, Governor?"

"Common winter. That is the best for this soil."

"You are the President of the Agricultural Society, are you not, Governor?"

"I am, sir."

"Delivered the address before the Agricultural Society of New York, last year?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are the author of an eloquent passage about the cultivation of roots and tops?"

"A mere trifle, Ned."

"Well you are the only agricultural writer I ever saw who could not tell *oats from wheat!*"

A certain farmer, one of the Governor's constituents, who had a profound admiration for his talents and practical knowledge wrote to him for advice as to the best method of improving his stock of sheep. The Governor's answer was instant, brief, sententious, sincere: "Get a *Hydraulic Ram*—better than the Southdown for mutton, equal to the Merino for wool."

COMPREHENSIVE.—The widow of Holcroft, the dramatist, married James Kenney, the author of "Raising the Wind" and other successful dramatic pieces. She was the daughter of Monsieur Le Mercier, to whom we are indebted for "Le Tableau de Paris." Upon the termination of the war between England and France, this distinguished French writer, a fine, venerable old man, immediately crossed the Channel to see his daughter, who, a short time previously, had been confined with twins. The following year he renewed his visit, but on repairing to the residence of his offspring near Bedford square, he found to his great mortification, that the family had removed the same morning to Brompton, the nurse and one of the twin children remaining till the following day. Upon the servant first opening the door with the infant in her arms, the distress of the old gentleman was extreme, it being much increased by his slight knowledge of the English language. Clasping the unconscious babe to his breast, the tears rolling down his careworn features, he thus vented his inquiries:—"Oh, mon petit, ma dare—ah, yas, you littale rog—whar ees—ah, yes—whar ees de oder piece belong to dis?" With great difficulty he at length found his way to Brompton, but the family had retired to rest. After knocking for some time at the door, a voice from within demanded who was there. The reply, a comprehensive one, gained immediate admittance, it being—"Opane de door; I am de fader of all."

A GOOD ONE.—Not many months ago, it happened at Benicia, California, the headquarters of the United States troops, Captain Jones of the United States Army, a Virginian *by birth, was ordered to that point, whither he* went accompanied *by a faithful body servant,* named Joe. The captain was startled not long after by the news of Joe's having shot another negro. As soon as he was brought into his master's presencey he sternly asked him how he dared to act in the manner he had done. Joe seemed at first cast down, but rallying himself, and looking the captain full in the face, replied—"De fact is, massa, dat ar nigger was one of dem New York free niggers. He 'sulted me, and I had to take high suddron ground wid him."

RHYME READER.—Ben Jonson, passing along Fleet street, observed a countryman staring at a grocer's sign; he tapped him on the shoulder and asked him what so engaged his attention? "Why, master," he replied, "I be admiring that nice piece of poetry over the shop." "How can you make that rhyme?" said Ben; "the words are 'Coffee and tea to be sold.'" "Why thus," replies Ralph,

"Coffee and tea
To be s-o-l-d."

This so pleased the poet, that Ralph was taken into his service immediately, and he continued to serve him until Jonson's death.

THE MODERN LEONIDAS.—Diacos, one of the leaders, was captured at the battle of Spercheius which took place in the early part of the Greek revolution of 1821. After the battle, the pashas took the road that leads to Zetouni, taking with them Diacos and his foster-son, who had been taken captive with him, and commanded the stout old chief to walk before them to grace their triumphal procession. But fearing lest he might run off and escape on the way, they soon afterwards set him on a mule, and bound him with chains. The night after they arrived at Zetouni, they caused him to be brought before them in presence of Chali Bey, and began to interrogate him about the insurrection. Diacos replied at once, without fear, that the whole Greek nation was sworn either to be exterminated or to achieve its liberty.—Whereupon Mahomet Pasha, admiring the boldness of the man, said that he was willing to deliver him from his present evil case, if he would serve him faithfully. To which Diacos replied, "I will not serve you." "Make your choice," said the pasha; "serve me, or I will kill you." "Hellas," replied the captive, "has many a Diacos." On the following day, the 24th April, the order went forth that he should be impaled. The man who communicated to him the harsh ordinance, put into his hands at the same time the painful instrument by which he was to die, and told him to carry it and follow him. But Diacos threw the stake on the ground, and turning to the Albanians who surrounded him, exclaimed, "Is there no one here who will kill me? why do you allow these Orientals to torture me? I am not a malefactor." When on his way to the place of execution, he stood, and casting his eyes on the ground, which was smiling with all the green freshness of the spring season, he repeated the couplet—

Behold the time when Charon grim to take my life hath chosen,
Even now when green is every branch, and grows each blade the greenest.

Arrived at his final destination, he bore manfully the most painful of deaths, being in torture for three hours.

FLUNKEYISM.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—"Oh, Thomas! Have the goodness to take up some coal into the nursery!"

THOMAS.—"H'm! Ma'am! If you ask it as a favor, ma'am, I don't so much object; but I 'ope you don't take me for an 'ousemaid, ma'am!"

Agricultural.

REAR YOUR HEIFER CALVES.

Many persons hesitate to rear the calf because they cannot at the time spare the milk for it, and because they are not acquainted with any mode of rearing without using most of the milk. While we confess our belief that the calf will grow more thriftily, and do better, generally, when allowed to take in his own way the food which nature has provided for it, we also believe a substitute may be provided which will answer very well, if accompanied with careful attention on our part.

The calf should be allowed to suck one week, both on his own account, and that of the cow. After this take two or three quarts of milk just drawn from the cow, into which insert the hand and the head of the calf, and place one or two fingers in the mouth. The milk will soon disappear. When this has been practiced a few days, take sweet clover and Timothy hay, cut it, and put two or three quarts into a kettle with water, and bring it to the boiling point—then allow it to soak or simmer for two or three hours, but not boil. At the next time of feeding the calf mix a little of this sweet hay tea with the milk, and gradually increase the quantity—lessening the milk—until the calf will take it as readily as it ever did the milk alone. After awhile a little meal of corn, oats, barley or buckwheat may be added; and when the calf is disposed to eat, fine red-top hay or sweet clover, or oats wet a little over night, will be particularly acceptable.

As soon as the short, tender grass apears in the spring, one or two calves may be tied out near the buildings, on land that would otherwise be of little profit, and by occasionally changing their position, and feeding them a little beside, they may be carried through the summer, with an expense so trifling, that almost any one may incur it; and beside that, they will soon become great pets of the family. The second year, if pasturage is short at home, they may be sent away.

The small farmer may adopt this method, and very soon, without really feeling that he has incurred much expense, find himself in possession of several cows whose profitable qualities will scarcely admit of a doubt, and whose ages he will know. We find these opinions freely expressed by some of our best farmers, and particularly by those engaged in producing milk.—*N. E. Farmer.*

GARDEN WALKS.—It is common, when forming walks, to make them six or eight inches lower than the adjoining border. This practice came to us from the old country, and however desirable in a climate abounding in moisture, is erroneous in our dry, clear, sunny land. There it is designed to drain the beds; here, if our land is first prepared as it should be, no such drainage is necessary; on the contrary, we want to so form our garden beds and borders, that during the warm spring, and summer, every shower of rain will be caught, and remain on them—not immediately run off, by means of a ditch walk. Make, then, all your garden walks so that the centre of the walk will be two inches higher than the adjoining border; every shower will then be retained where the growing plants can have the benefit of it.—*Ohio Farmer.*

CLEANLINESS IMPORTANT FOR PIGS.—Pigs do not love dirt, as many believe—they become dirty because they are thrust into it, or cannot obtain water without it. The following experiment, performed in England, tells a story worthy the attention of all pork raisers:

"A gentleman in Norfolk put up six pigs of almost exactly equal health, to fatten; treated them, with one exception, all exactly the same, and fed them on similar food, given in equal quantities to each, for seven weeks. Three of these pigs were left to shift for themselves, so far as cleanliness went, and the other three were carefully curried, brushed and washed. These latter consumed in the seven weeks less food by five bushels than the other three, and yet, when killed, weighed more by two stones four pounds on the average.

FENCING.—I think that for a common farm fence there is nothing better or cheaper in the end, than a good worm fence made of split rails, staked and ridered, unless the distance to haul and the scarcity of timber be so great as to make those rails cost more than $5 per hundred. It it true that a fence can be made of posts, with two rails and palings of split stuff nailed on at less expense at first cost, but it is a poor excuse for a fence, lasting but a short time, and wanting more or less repairs every year, while it does last, and if one paling gets loose, the pigs will be sure to find it out and get into mischief; and if an animal attempts to jump over they are in great danger of being injured.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

HORSES—STABLES.

Most stables are constructed in direct violation of every law of nature. They are made to slope from the hay rack, back to the heels of the horse, when a horse's natural position is with the fore feet the lowest. The hay rack is so high, the horse is compelled to reach up, to get the hay. His natural position, while feeding, is with his head down to the ground. The stalls are so high, he cannot see his companions, while he is naturally gregarious, and loves company. In the stable, he stands on a floor, naturally, on the earth. In his natural wilds, he is a racing animal; in the stable, he is so confined, that he cannot lie down, and can scarcely turn himself.

Is it wonderful, then, that nearly every horse is unsound? Standing with the four feet highest, throws the weight and strain on the flexor tendons, and destroys the back. Turning the nose unnaturally upward, strains the tendons of the neck, while he is eating; and is often, unquestionably, the cause of poll-evil. High and separate stalls destroy his natural *social* qualities, and make him sour and morose; and a hard plank floor, on which he is doomed to stand for twenty and twenty-four hours at a time, will produce ring-bone.

Another defect in many stables, is, that they are too tight, with a mow of hay over them. The ammonia arising from the urine, has no chance to escape; the horse is continually breathing it; it penetrates the hay, and he is continually eating it. How often do we enter a stable in hot weather, when the ammoniacal air is so pungent, that we can scarcely breathe it; and yet, the horse is compelled to stand in it, and breathe it, and eat his food that is completely saturated with it. Can we wonder that the horse is subject to unusual, and sudden acute and fatal diseases? It is more to be wondered that he lives at all, under such circumstances.

Hay should never be placed over a stable, so as to receive the ammoniacal gas—but stables should be ventilated above, so as to let the gas and foul air escape.

Another error in the construction of stables, is the openings for throwing out manure, and ventilation. In most stables, the openings are for the two fold purposes. In the first place, the openings are too low, and allow the current of air to blow directly on to the horse. The effect is the same as a current of air on a human being, producing cold, fever, cough and consumption.

Nor is this all: this current of air, which is all the good air the horse has, comes in from the manure heap, and is but adding more poisonous gas to that already existing.

It is wrong morally, as well as economically wrong, thus to treat the horse, one of the best and noblest of the brute creation.—*Ohio Far.*

A DISCOVERY—DIOSCOREA BATATAS AN AMERICAN AND NOT A CHINAMAN!—John Moody, of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, writes as follows to the editor of the Prairie Farmer:—I find in your columns a cut and description of the Chinese potato. After examining it correctly, I have come to the conclusion that it is a native of this country, and has long been a pest to the farmers in the old States, and I see it is spreading west as fast as emigration. Its common name East is the "Hog or Wild Potato." Hogs are very fond of it, and will root after it to a *great depth!* I have tried to dig it out of my farms, but never yet succeeded in getting deep enough to get all of the root; each succeeding season it would appear again and again. Once seeded on the ground, it will hold its place tenaciously against all innovation, and be master of the soil.

EFFECT OF PUMPKIN SEED ON CATTLE.—I fed my cow with the pumpkins at the rate of half a bushel a day. At that time she was giving about eight quarts of milk per diem, but instead of this increasing the quantity, it diminished it. I increased the feed to a bushel per day; still there was a decrease in the quantity of milk until the pumpkins froze up, when she did not give but four quarts per day. The cow did not fatten, and the reason for the decrease in the quantity of milk, I could in no way account for. I then took out all the seeds, when, lo, the change!—instead of five quarts of milk per day, I got nearly nine in a short time.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

THE RESULT OF THE AMERICAN WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN FORETOLD.—"I propheseid," said Colonel Barre, "on passing the Stamp Act, in 1765, what would happen thereon; and I now, in March, 1769, I now fear that I can prophesy further troubles; that if the whole people are made desperate, finding no remedy from Parliament, the whole continent will be in arms immediately, and perhaps *these provinces lost to England forever.*" This was in March, 1769, and was certainly a very remarkable prediction.—*Timbs' "Curiosities of History."*

NOT HONEST, BUT FRANK.—An Eastern traveller gives the following account of a brief, pointed, and, we think, rather unsatisfactory interview with an Arab of Jebel Hauran:

"What brought you to the spring when you saw us there?" I asked him.

"To strip you," he coolly replied.

"And why did you not do it?"

"Because Mahmud was with you."

"But why would you plunder us? We are strangers and not enemies."

"It is our custom."

"And do you strip all strangers?"

"Yes, all we can get hold of."

"And if they resist, or are too strong for you?"

"In the former case we shoot them from behind the trees; in the latter, we run."

"How do the people of your tribe live? Do they sow or plant?"

"No, we are not *slaves*," said he, with much disdain.

"What do you do for a living?"

"We keep goats, hunt partridges, and steal."

"Are you *all* thieves?"

"Yes, all."

THE BOMBARDIER.—This is a name given to a species of beetle, known by its head and thorax being brick red, and its body of a bluish hue. When a person attempts to catch it, he is surprised by a discharge resembling a pop gun, accompanied with a sort of smoke, of which it is furnished with a sufficient quantity to fire off twenty shots in succession. If this chances to get into their eyes, it will make them smart as if they had bathed them with brandy. Its chief enemy is a beetle, larger than itself, which hunts it without mercy. As it finds it impossible to escape by speed of foot, it stops short and awaits its pursuer; but just as he is about to seize it, he is saluted with a discharge, and while he is for a moment stupified with surprise, the bombardier endeavors to gain a hiding-place!—*Natural History.*

THE ABYSSINIAN WOMEN.—I am acquainted with charming Abyssinians, who, the color excepted, would not be out of place anywhere; and even as to the color, one so soon gets accustomed to it, that after a short time I paid no attention to it. Besides, the Abyssinians more than repay this slight drawback, if it is one, by a skin of velvet, long and silky hair, exquisite beauty of outline, graceful forms and movements, a regularity of features worthy of the most beautiful Greek statues, magnificent eyes, admirable teeth, small hands and feet; in one word, by all the charms that constitute the woman, and *I am not surprised to see them inspire passions which survive even marriage!*—*Charles Didier (French, of course.)*

Useful Receipts.

TO CURE HICCOUGH.—It is not generally known that a lump of loaf sugar will often instantly stop the most troublesome hiccough.

HOW TO MOVE A SULLEN OX.—The antipathy between cattle and dogs is so universal, that when oxen or steers are sulky, and lie down, as they often do, if a dog is thrown on them, or *at* them, they will instantly rise and go on, when nothing else will move them.

FOR COMMON INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—A decoction of the flower leaves (petals) of the common poppy, applied several times a day, and a cloth wet with it laid over the eyes at night, will usually effect a cure in two or three days. The leaves can be used either fresh or dried.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TO CLEAN THE CHIMNEYS OF LAMPS.—Put a teaspoonful or more of oil of vitriol in a long, deep pie-dish of soda and slightly warm water. Let the lamp-chimneys stay in this for a quarter of an hour; in wiping dry, all smoke and discoloration will disappear.

WOUNDS IN SHEEP.—Take the leaves of the elder tree, and make a strong decoction, and wash the parts affected two or three times a day, and you will not be troubled with flies or worms. It also removes fever from the wound and is healing.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF MUSLIN.—Dip the part stained with ink into cold water. Then fill a small basin with boiling water, and on the top place a pewter plate; lay the muslin upon the plate, strew salts of lemon or tartaric acid upon the ink spot, rubbing it in with the bowl of a spoon; the spot will then immediatey disappear.

BITTER CREAM.—It is generally known that cream becomes "bitter" from standing too long on the milk. This is often the case, but it not unfrequently becomes so when only allowed to remain twenty-four hours. The best preventive is to place the milk on the stove in a tin pan as soon as it is strained, and let it almost boil. This will not prevent the cream from rising. Milk thus partially scalded will keep much longer than otherwise. When the whole milk is to be used without skimming, it is preferable to scald it when first received from the milkman. The only exception to this plan is when the milk will not bear the heat without curdling—a circumstance not unfrequent, as those who buy city milk can abundantly testify.

CORNS.—The best cure for these troublesome things that we have ever tried, is to soak the feet in hot water for a quarter of an hour, so that the corn may become soft, and then trim it off as close as possible, and not cause pain. Then take the tincture of the Arbor Vitæ placed upon a little cotton, and apply to the corn, and after a few applications the corn will not only disappear entirely, but will not be likely to return again.—*Scientific American.*

REMEDIES FOR CHILBLAINS.—Boil some turnips, and mash them until reduced to a pulp; put them into a tub or large basin, and put the feet into them, almost as hot as can be borne, for a short time before going to bed. Persevere in doing this for a few nights, and the itching and irritation of the chilblains will be cured. Of course this must be before the chilblains are broken. 2.—Dissolve two drachms of acetate of lead in half a pint of cold water, adding a glass of brandy, or good rum; mix well, and apply with linen cloths frequently. 3.—Liquor of subacetate of lead, half an ounce; camphorated spirits of wine, one ounce; mix. 4.—Put the hands and feet once a week into hot water, in which two or three handfuls of common salt have been thrown; this is a certain cure. Encourage children to use the skipping-rope regularly during cold weather. This is a capital preventive, together with regularly washing and rubbing the feet.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 1, 9, 5, 8, 23, was lord-keeper, during the reign of Charles II of England.
My 2, 38, 23, 26, 20, 41, 4, 3, 37, 21, 41, 12, 16, is one of America's greatest orators.
My 6, 31, 14, 17, 15, 15, 24, 10, is a city in Mexico, where one of the hardest battles in the Mexican war was fought.
My 7, 5, 35, 26, 35, was a Pope of Rome in the 11th century.
My 13, 28, 33, 36, 2, 27, 29, is one of Shakspeare's greatest tragedies.
My 10, 5, 2, 28, 4, 20, 13, 31, was an Emperor of Germany in the 13th century.
My 18, 13, 14, 15, 26, 5, 38, 11, 30, 14, 15, 18, 9, 20, 2, is an Ex-President of the United States.
My 22, 42, 32, 39, was an Emperor of Germany in the 10th century.
My 26, 1, 35, 34, 31, 9, 5, 43, 16, 17, 28, 21, 8, 12, was the maiden name of a celebrated actress.
My 30, 40, 1, 47, 31, 2, 35, 8, was a Pope of Rome in the 12th century.
My 8, 25, 2, 23, 13, 10, 4, is the name of a comedy written by J. Sheridan Knowles.
My 4, 5, 13, 31, was a King of Denmark in the 13th century.
My 12, 28, 9, 5, 1, 2, 17, 35, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 16, 25, 2, 9, 38, 17, 5, 4, was an Emperor of Greece in the 11th century.
My 23, 28, 5, 8, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 31, 9, 33, 25, 5, 28, 1, 2, was the commander of the British at the battle of Fort McHenry.
My 30, 28, 31, 9, 1, was a renowned Scotch poet.
My 38, 2, 31, 28, 8, 7, 5, was one of the heroes of the war of 1812.
My 18, 28, 5, 13, 9, was an Italian vocalist who created a great sensation in this country.
My 46, 28, 14, 2, was the founder of a college in New England, which bears his name.
My whole is a valuable precept. GAHMEW.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 1, 17, 35, 41, 18, 32, 5, 13, 16, is a weather-glass.
My 14, 42, 29, 33, 7, 24, 25, 30, 19, 10, 9, is a property of matter.
My 40, 45, 31, 20, 46, 3, 36, 39, 12, 13, the property which bodies possess of increasing in size.
My 40, 34, 33, 7, 8, 45, 1, 19, 11, 39, 45, 6, is an essential property of matter.
My 22, 37, 43, 17, 3, 45, 12, 27, is a lunar month.
My 25, 6, 40 42, 16, 48, 23, 44, 39, 18, is a water measurer.
My 4, 9, 40, 37 22, 26, 24, 19, 10, is a property of motion.
My 46, 28, 7, 11, 19, 14, 29, 40, is that portion of the morning and evening in which the light of the sun is perceptible although it is below the horizon.
My 21, 2, 43, 44, is a magnifying glass.
My whole is a maxim. CINROS.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 29, 6, 37, 20, 12, 29, 23, 16, 10, is a distinguished authoress.
My 21, 14, 12, 3, 19, 26, is a distinguished American traveller and poet.
My 18, 35, 27, 30, 21, is a celebrated American general.
My 11, 30, 33, 8, 25, 4, is a celebrated French gedienne.
My 19, 2, 7, 7, 15, is an American novelist.
My 20, 28, 1, 9, 15, 18, is a celebrated American sculptor.
My 33, 11, 39, 18, 35, 39, 21, 30, is an American historian.
My 7, 14, 16, 35, 12, is a distinguished American statesman.
My 29, 15, 23, 7, 36, 10, 21, is a great American traveller and explorer.
My 1, 31, 4, 3, 5, 16, is a distinguished American writer.
My 35, 24, 19, 6, 30, 5, is an eminent lawyer.
My 1, 12, 17, 30, 21, 31, 9, 26, is an American poet.
My 7, 2, 4, 34, 18, is a distinguished traveller.
My 32, 8, 3, 25, is a United States Senator.
My whole was a distinguished American General. Clarksville, O. ERASTUS C. HENRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY XELA.

My first's an ancient city,
Of which, no doubt, you've read;
My second you would use, I'm sure,
If you wished to make *nice bread;*

An exclamation is my third,
Which 'tis likely you will say,
When I tell you my whole is a character,
In a Shakspearean play.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was greatest 'neath my whole,
My second flows through classic land,
My third is found in sunny Spain,
My fourth was used in ancient war,
My fifth you'll find to equal "no,"
My sixth of aught is not the sum.
My whole you'll find, if hard you try,
A terror was; a wonder is;
And will in future times be called
A benefactor to the world.
Ann Arbor, Wash. Co., Mich. T. E. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a girl of eighteen;
A French coin is my second;
My third is a grain I ween;
My whole is a great river reckoned.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Erase my first and fourth, and I am a surface.
Erase my second, and I become an enemy to mankind.
Erase my second, third, and fifth, and I am what we all wish to be.
Erase my third and fifth, and I am a nickname.
Erase my second, fourth, and sixth, and I become a part of a fish.
Erase my second and fourth, and I am a verb.
My whole is seldom appreciated until lost.
Warren, Vt. HARP.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the area of an ellipse whose major axis is 24 feet and the minor axis is 18 feet.
St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. WILLINSTON.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is money promptly paid, like the vapor that arises from the earth? Ans.—Because it comes when it's due.

☞ Why is a youth like a church robbed of its Bibles and Prayer-books, &c.? Ans.—He is in a state of pew pillage, (pupillage.)

☞ In what respect does a candle burning in the Mammoth Cave, differ from a dance in a public house? Ans.—One is a taper in a cavern, and the other is a caper in a tavern.

☞ How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife over a bridge? Ans.—One is water in the pitcher, the other is pitch her in the water.

☞ What did the seven wise men of Greece do when they met the sage of Hindoostan? Ans.—Eight saw sages, (ate sausages.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Marquis de Lafayette. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of England. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—William Henry Prescott. CHARADE.—Telegraph (Tel-eg-raf-h.) REBUS.—Pindar. (Pope, Illissus, Nelson, Death, Addison, Rogers.) CHARADE.—Prescot, (Press-Cot.) ANAGRAMS.—1. Henderson. 2. Searcy. 3. Tintamingo. 4. Athens. 5. Stewart. 6. Weston. 7. Chittenden. 8. Thomas. 9. Washington. 10. Tipton. 11. Logan. 12. Newton. 13. Randolph. 14. Waterloo. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—512 and 1024.